

BRITANNIA^{and} EYE

NOVEMBER

1943



NEGLEY FARSON
FERDINAND TUOHY

ERIC BAUME
JANE GORDON

F. MATANIA, R.I.



COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS



WHY shouldn't women have a pocket in its most convenient position? Why shouldn't she carry around a handkerchief, a little spare change, and maybe her cigarettes and lighter without having to resort to the inevitable handbag?

No reason at all since 'Gor-ray' Skirts

Drapers and Stores everywhere stock 'Gor-ray' Skirts.

have featured the ZWOW, a Pocket Placket Fastening which DISPENSES WITH HIP BUTTONS AND OTHER FASTENERS THAT SPOIL THE SYMMETRY OF THE HIP LINE.

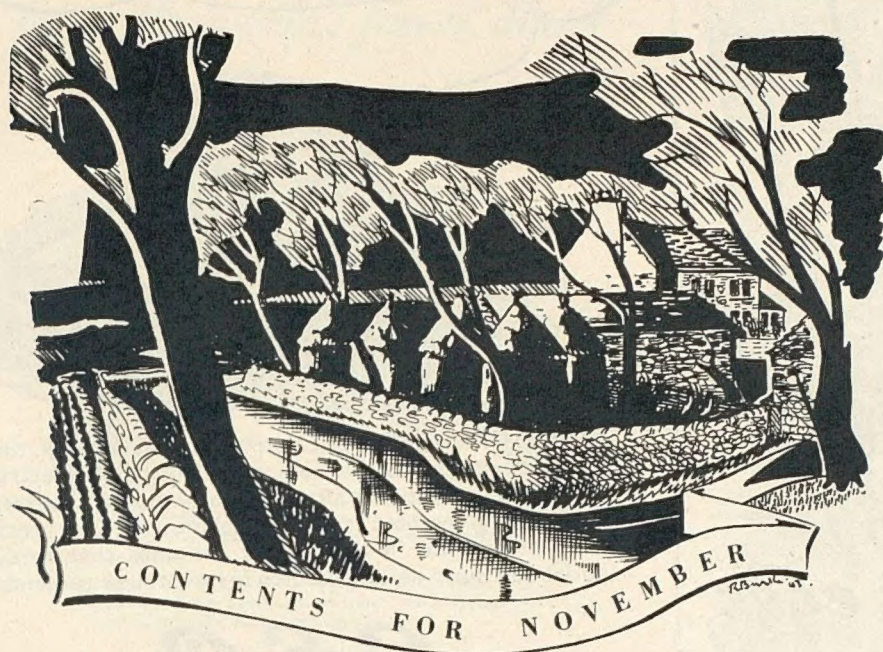
A very definite contribution this to a more comfortable way of living for women!

All the better for the 'Zwow' Pocket Placket Fastening

Issued by C. STILLITZ, ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA, WARWICKSHIRE

EVERY GENUINE
GOR-RAY
SKIRT HAS A
'GOR-RAY'
LABEL ON THE
WAISTBAND

Scientific



Cover Design

by *Critchlow*

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this Issue is 3d.



"Manhandling now..."

How the grime of a man's job gets right into a woman's skin. And how Wright's—that famous standby—gets it right out again. More than that, it leaves the skin smooth and clear; protected against chance infections and septic abrasions. It's a "health insurance" and a "beauty treatment" in one.

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap

1 TABLET — 1 COUPON

OVERHEARD

IN THE

BUS



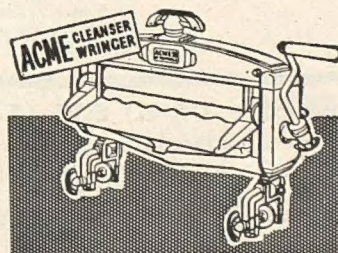
"... No, I simply borrow, quite shamelessly! You see I'm fortunate enough to have a neighbour with an ★Acme and I really don't know how we could have managed without it."

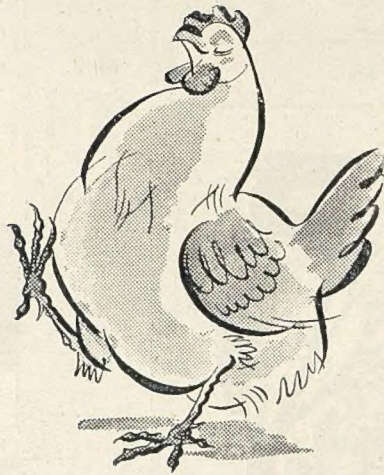
"Ah, I was lucky enough to get my Acme just before the war, and just in time for our evacuees. It's done a grand bit of war work, I can tell you..."

"They're so easy to handle, and don't your things come out crisp and clean!"

"That's why an Acme's definitely part of my post war planning—and I'm sure I'm not the only one!"

★ The Acme Cleanser Wringer (thanks to the Acme patented "Cantilever Pressure") squeezes out all the invisible dirt left in the rinsing water and therefore gives you a whiter wash; yet Acme's rubber rollers are safe for the most delicate fabric.





"DRIED EGGS are my eggs— my whole eggs and nothing but my eggs"



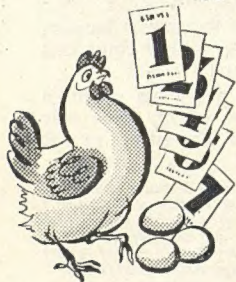
Dried eggs are the complete hen's eggs, both the white and the yolk, dried to a powder. Nothing is added. Nothing but moisture and the shell taken away, leaving the eggs themselves as wholesome, as digestible and as full of nourishment and health-protecting value as if you had just taken the eggs new laid from the nest. So put the eggs back into your breakfast menus. And what about a big, creamy omelette for supper? You can have it savoury; or sweet, now that you get extra jam.

DRIED EGGS build you up!



In war-time, the most difficult foods for us to get are the body-builders. Dried eggs build muscle and repair tissue in just the same way as do chops and steaks; and are better for health-protection. So we are particularly lucky to be able to get dried eggs to make up for any shortage of other body-builders such as meat, fish, cheese, milk.

Your allowance of DRIED EGG is equal to 3 eggs a week



You can now get one 12-egg packet (price 1/3) per 4-week rationing period — three fine fresh eggs a week, at the astonishingly low price of 1½d. each. Children (holders of green ration books) get two packets each rationing period. You buy your dried eggs at the shop where you are registered for shell eggs; poultry keepers can buy anywhere. Don't hoard your dried eggs: use them up — there are plenty more coming!

Note. Don't make up dried eggs until you are ready to use them; they should not be allowed to stand after they've been mixed with water or other liquid. Use dry when making cakes and so on, and add a little more moisture when mixing.

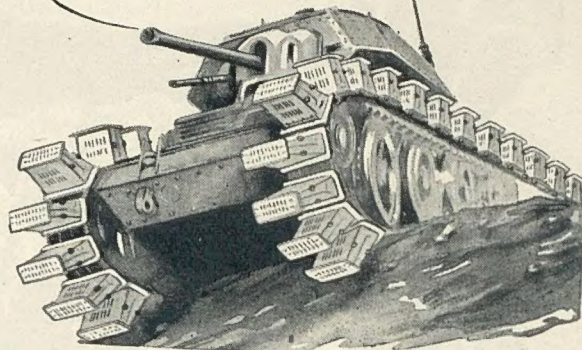
FREE — DRIED EGG LEAFLET containing many interesting recipes will be sent on receipt of a postcard addressed to Dept. 628A, Food Advice Service, Ministry of Food, London, W.1



ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

(S.74)

Tanks can't run on
toasters



—So G.E.C. Toasters are temporarily unobtainable, the same as most other of the Company's Household Electric Appliances, to reappear after the war in new and better designs, to give you a fresh appreciation of how much electricity can do in the home; but until then metal and labour must be diverted to priority requirements.

G.E.C.

HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, W.C.2

Once an ASTHMA SUBJECT now full of life!

ONCE she dreaded nightfall, the sleepless hours... the fight for breath... the awful spasms of asthma.

Then she took **POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE** and — well, just look at her, full of the joy of life, swinging along without a care, knowing that **POTTER'S** is her sure shield.

For instant relief nothing approaches **POTTER'S**. Easy and pleasant to use — free from opiates, cannot harm the heart. The tried and trusted remedy of three generations. Marvellous in Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Catarrh. Thousands have taken it successfully on the advice of their doctors. All Chemists, Herbalists, and Stores, 2/2 (inc. pur. tax).

POTTER & CLARKE LTD.
60/64 ARTILLERY LANE, LONDON, E.1



for instant relief



A6

*The worlds finest cutlery
bears the worlds finest mark*

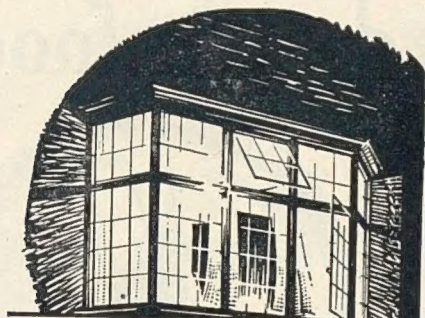


Owing to the large demand, we are at present greatly restricted as regards the purposes for which this steel can be supplied.

We are steelmakers and produce the steels from which these and other goods are fabricated, we ourselves do not manufacture the finished articles.

FIRTH STAINLESS

FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LIMITED



*When the lights
go up again*

"Rufflette" pocketed tape makes all the difference to the appearance of your curtains. Pity it is in such short supply these days. Restricted deliveries are still coming through but there is not nearly enough to go round. However, when the lights go up again and the mills swing over to peacetime production "Rufflette" curtain accessories will again be available in every shop or workroom where good curtains are sold.

'Rufflette'
BRAND
CURTAIN TAPE (with woven pockets)
also HOOKS, RINGS and RAILS

Factories: MANCHESTER AND WYTHENSHAW: FALL RIVER, MASS., U.S.A.
London Offices: 156, OXFORD ST., W.1. Also British Empire Bldgs, N.Y.C.



Set "Rufflette" Tape, at top and bottom, over hem.



With curtain lying flat, knot cords at one end and pleat by pulling from other end. Do not cut loose ends, tuck into heading.



Slip hooks (or rings) into pockets, turnover fashion. No stitching necessary. Use rings for rod, hooks for runner rail.

**THOMAS
FRENCH
& SONS LTD**

Makers of
'RUFFLETTE'
BRAND

Down Our Street



Bert is on the watch for U boats out on the Atlantic. Under the same stars Mum is on the watch for fire bombs down our street. Dick is in Commandos spraying with his Tommy gun but you should see father on his stirrup pump. Mr. Smith's a warden, Jones is N.F.S. Brown is an authority on decontamination. Robinson is ambulance, marvellous with splints. Mrs. R. is ready with bandages and lints. When the walls are falling and the windows blaze then you see some action down our street. Fire engines roaring — quick the hoses out — under debris crawling to get the stricken out. And where the fight is thickest — look! the canteen van . . . Women cool as cucumbers serving cups of tea! Goering brought the blitzkrieg to their firesides but he couldn't break 'em: now he never will. Everybody's in it down our street — because everybody knows that everybody's needed — Down our street.

* * * *

But Victory is not here yet. Therefore the word is: Still more service, still more saving. **SAVE MORE.**

. . . — Save for Victory



Children have a special claim to Horlicks
—*please leave it for them*

ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

Our gallant Polish Allies
say
SOK MIESIWA for Gravy . . .



...but the British housewife says

ah! BISTO



You can't

Beat the Best!

WESTON Biscuits

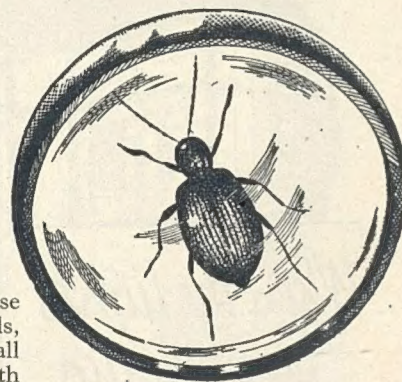
Beetles destroy food stocks

Coleoptera (or to give them their common name : beetles) are by far the most numerous specie of insect pest found where food is stored.

They infest bakeries, hotels, canteens, hospitals, and large centrally-heated buildings to an alarming extent : and cause colossal damage to flour, meals, cereals, dried fruits, and all kinds of food products. Both the adult insect and larvæ are destructive.

The vast amount of food rendered unfit for human consumption calls for immediate remedy : and the loss of prestige and goodwill to firms supplying infested products is surely a matter of grave concern.

The Pest - Control Service operated everywhere by Chelsea Insecticides, Ltd., whose



preparations are not supplied to the general public, has made a special study of the problem of the beetle : and also effectively deals with infestations of cock-roaches, crickets, and steam-flies.

Illustrations show adult beetle and larvæ, magnified. The slightest suspicion of either on your premises is the signal to communicate with Chelsea Insecticides, Ltd., at once.



Phone :
ABBEY 7650

CHELSEA INSECTICIDES
Chelsea Insecticides, Ltd.,
125 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. **Service**

Please send your District Inspector to advise on my/our problem of insect infestation.

Name

Address

B.E.

You're in luck, Miss...



this here's a tin of **Nescafé**

Office "elevenses" waste no time when you're lucky enough to find a tin of Nescafé. Fragrant, stimulating, made in an instant, right in the cup. No grounds, no mess, no bother. But it's hard to get; overwhelming demand means present supplies must be strictly rationed to grocers.

NESCAFÉ

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

N.5A



ASSURED WHITENESS

Fuel economy, now so essential, does not mean the end of snow-white linens and cottons—not if you use Parozone.

It is always pleasantly satisfying to feel that the beauty of your household linens and cottons is above reproach. You can make sure of their whiteness and ensure their freshness with Parozone. Then, even though dried indoors, linens and cottons come white as snow; radiantly fresh and sweet. And you are saving fuel at the same time. Parozone needs cold water only to produce its brilliant result.

FOR MUSTARD GAS

Parozone should be applied full strength to affected parts, left on for two minutes and then washed off. It must be applied immediately or within five minutes. Parozone must not be applied near the eyes.

PAROZONE

FROM YOUR
GROCER
OR STORE

Head Office: GLASGOW, also at London and Nottingham

"I get so hot
under the arms"



"You should try
a Milton rinse!"

Recipe for Milton rinse—1 teaspoonful of 'Milton' in a glass of water. After washing, rinse underarms carefully. All odour will vanish. 'Milton' is a great friend to women—read the leaflet round the bottle. 'Milton' costs 8d. & 1/11d.

Milton

THE HYPOCHLORITE

ANTISEPTIC



La Laine knitting wool creates a classic Jersey of pre-war excellence and quality—but, unfortunately, the quantity is limited.

Lady's Jersey from La Laine Leaflet No. 2132 price 3d. or 4d. post paid

LA LAINE
knitting wool

In difficulty write BAIRNS-WEAR Ltd., Dept. LL123, Perry Rd. Nottingham

CVS—L26

May good digestion wait on appetite
And health on both . . .

McVITIE & PRICE'S DIGESTIVE BISCUITS

During these days of strict rationing it is imperative that we should choose foods for their health-giving value and for their ready digestibility.

McVitie's Digestive Biscuits fulfil these conditions to perfection.

Production is now restricted and distribution limited to certain areas, but if you can get McVitie's Digestive Biscuits you'll find it well worth while.

McVITIE & PRICE LTD.

EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER



YOU...

if you
can
wait

Today the general public cannot buy a Terry Anglepoise Lamp. But when it can it will have been well worth waiting for. The Anglepoise is a lamp of 1001 angles that holds any position, makes work a pleasure and reading a joy, saves eyestrain and electric current and folds up small when out of use. No wonder thousands of people who have only seen a Terry Anglepoise are praying for victory—and the return of this wonder-lamp.

Sole Makers: HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD., REDDITCH.



Pat. all countries



The COTY health Chart



HAIR. The condition of your hair is a good guide to your general condition. Lank, dull hair may indicate a badly balanced diet. Most of us eat far too little greenstuff and do not drink enough water. Even the correct foods can be spoilt by wrong cooking. Green vegetables should be eaten lightly cooked or raw.

EYES. Dull eyes often indicate a tired body; lacking energy and resistance. To make energy, the body needs "fuel" foods. One of the most valuable of these is potatoes; rich in energy-producing starch.

CHEEKS. The pink flush in your cheeks comes from the red corpuscles in your blood. To maintain these, the body must have iron. Iron is found in all green vegetables; particularly

the dark green variety.

LIPS. Like the cheeks, the lips derive their freshness and colour from iron. Iron is contained in spinach, eggs, apples, lentils, peas, beans and potatoes.

TEETH. Your teeth draw their strength and whiteness from the calcium in your food. Cheese, milk (fresh, canned or household), eggs (dried or fresh), and most green vegetables are all rich in calcium.

SKIN. Because of the climate, most Englishwomen's skins are inclined to be dry. Skin-care demands internal as well as external treatment. Plenty of fresh green vegetables, raw or lightly cooked, should be included in the daily diet. COTY Creations will add the finishing touch.

P.S. This advertisement is sponsored by COTY in support of the Ministry of Food. It is part of the COTY Wartime Beauty Service.



"...and the
LIGHTS will
come back!"

—and uncurtained windows will glow a welcome home. There will be happiness, contentment and the simple good things of life that are every child's heritage. There will be good health, too. Amidst the strife of the present conflict, the care of the health of our children has been shouldered with courage. So, in a strange war-time world they flourish . . . Youth marches on.

In the home the widespread use of 'Milk of Magnesia' has undoubtedly contributed to the maintenance of health amongst the little ones. The effects of restrictions and special conditions upon the infant mind and body are appreciably lessened by strict attention to the correction of minor ailments. By promoting health in the nursery, 'Milk of Magnesia' is safeguarding our children and so building sound constitutions worthy of the men and women of to-morrow.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia



Winter elegance...

Maroon or wine piping on finest black woollen . . . short high revers . . . belted at back. *Winter elegance*—by Hershelle!

... look for the name **HERSHELLE** on the label.

STANDARD CARS



Remembered with satisfaction

"Count them on the road" they used to say; and even now you notice how high a proportion of cars on essential work are Standards. A tribute to their engineering excellence!

Anticipated with pleasure

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY

The life of pure wool
is long

As long as you
look after it.



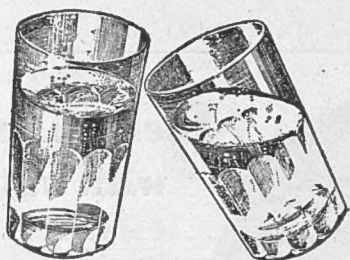
is pure wool

... all pure wool is precious (old or new). If you haven't time to re-knit old woollies give them to someone who has. Any young mother would be grateful.




Mum's Sister is my Aunt she used to be a secretary she is now a war worker she says war work is hard but the Canteen gets lots of OXO so it is quite OK she says. Pam



*To all those good things
which victory
will bring back—*

Schweppes



*Calm
Confidence*

Naturally! They're as fit as children can possibly be—
fit in mind and body, thanks to a wise mother and
COW & GATE Milk Food.

Children fed on COW & GATE are growing up to
build a saner, better world.

© 3292

COW & GATE MILK FOOD

"Babies Love it!"

Templeton's "AYR" WOOLS

ASK
FOR THEM



JAMES TEMPLETON & SON, LTD.
Worsted Spinners • AYR • SCOTLAND

His teeth need YOUR care—

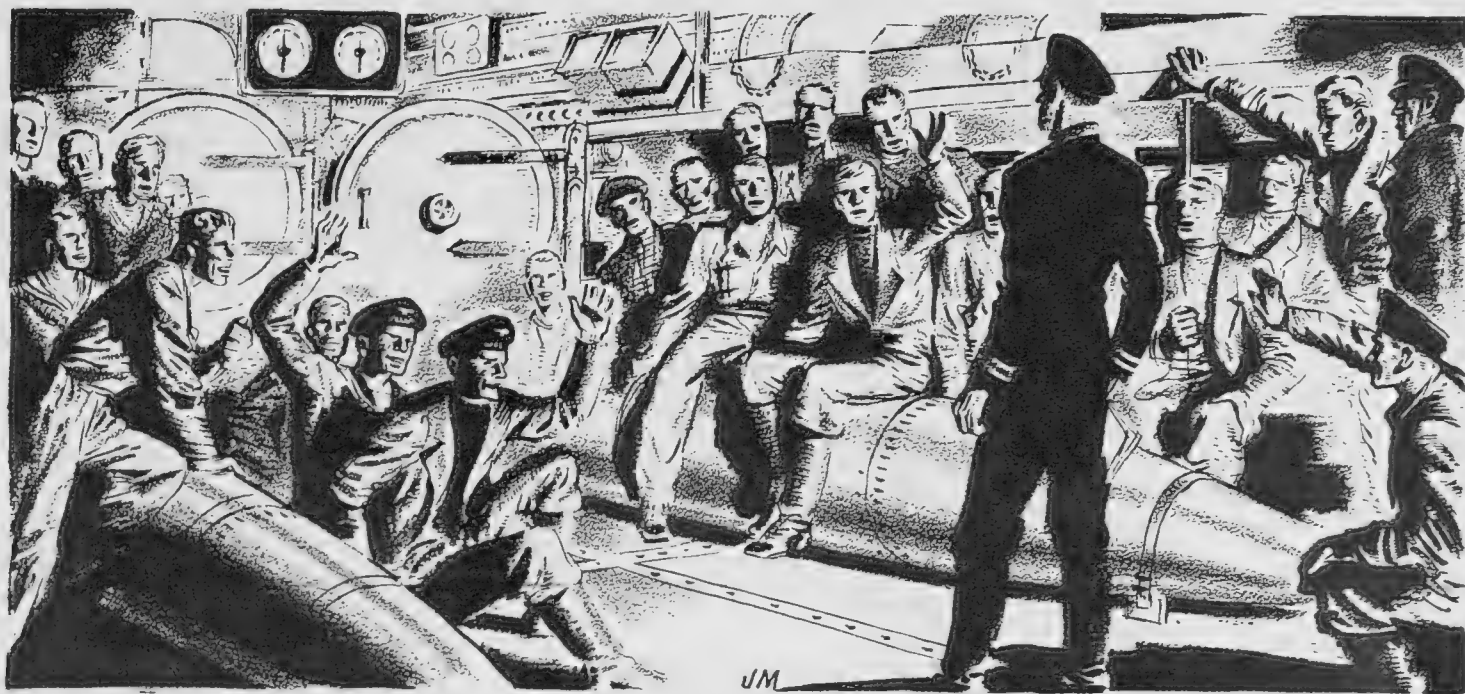
Mother, you can do something for your child for which he will thank you throughout his life. By taking proper care now you can ensure his having sound teeth when he grows up. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'*, which corrects acid-mouth—so often the cause of dental decay.

The toothpaste to ask for is Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Train your children to use it night and morning. They love its pleasant mild flavour.

1/1d. and 1/10½d.



* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.



The men clapped and cheered Otto enthusiastically

"ARE the English any less stupid than the Trojans?" Otto demanded angrily.

"I don't know," Herman said. "I never met a Trojan."

Otto wheeled on him. "Are the English any less stupid than *anybody*? Of course not! So, this scheme worked once; it will work again with equal success."

Herman scratched his head. "Tell us again how they did it," he asked. "Take more time."

"They constructed a huge horse," Otto explained testily. "A wooden horse, which they left outside the gates of Troy. After a time the Trojans grew curious and came out of their city to examine the horse. It appeared harmless, so they dragged it inside the gates. In the dead of night, the Greeks who had hidden in the horse emerged and sacked the city."

Rudolph sneered. "A typical Greek trick!"

"It's a poor soldier, or sailor either, who won't learn from the enemy," Otto commented.

"Otto is right," Carl said. "U-58 will be our Trojan horse. We will pretend to have abandoned ship and instead we will hide. The stupid English will find us drifting and tow us into port. Then, in the dead of night, we will emerge and capture the English base."

"Without assistance?" Herman asked timidly.

"There are sixty in our crew and it is a small island base. Besides, we are National Socialists, they are English."

"Honour allows of no other course," Otto said. "This way we turn apparent disgrace into personal glory and gain to the Fatherland. We are helpless now, without our engines. We cannot even submerge. The surface raider whom we contacted has not come to our rescue. Shall we fight hopelessly against the first English to find us, shall we chicken-heartedly scuttle ourselves, or shall we by the exercise of true glorious Socialist guile turn defeat into glorious victory?"

"Honour, as Otto says, allows of no other course," Carl agreed.

"In Wilhelmshaven they will greet us as heroes," Rudolph said, fingering his chest where the Iron Cross would shortly hang.

"Is it then agreed?"

"You are in command, Otto," Carl said. "We obey your orders."

The Trojan Horse

A Modern Version With A Twist In Its Tail

By
Kimball McIlroy

Otto said, "Good. You will please remember, later, whose idea it was. Now we must get ready. Herman, you will go to the conning-tower and keep watch for an English vessel. Rudolph, you will prepare the torpedo-room forward for the occupancy of four officers and fifty-six men. Take bedding, provisions and all the small arms on board. Carl, you will flood the ballast-tanks sufficiently to let us ride low in the water. Also flood the men's regular quarters to a depth of two or three feet to discourage

the English boarding-party from searching too thoroughly."

They saluted, turned smartly, and left the control-room. Rudolph and Carl forward and Herman up the narrow ladder to the conning-tower, while Otto methodically folded and packed his charts and the log. The U-58 hummed with activity. The chief wireless operator came into the control-room to ask if he should inform Wilhelmshaven of their plan.

"You are a fool!" Otto said. "Do you want to inform the English as well? Have they no wireless?"

The submarine settled gradually as the sound of rushing water came hollowly from the ballast-tanks. Otto watched the depth-gauge.

Herman appeared at the conning-tower hatch. "Smoke on the south horizon," he reported excitedly.

"Return to your post and keep watch," Otto ordered. He walked to the door and shouted forward: "Hurry! There is little time."

The pace of activity on board the U-58 increased. Otto took his charts and the log to the torpedo-room. There Rudolph had everything in readiness.

"Our quarters will be here in the bow, Otto," he said. "It was impossible to arrange partitions. We will have to stay with the men."

Otto nodded. "That is good. I will have many instructions to give before we land, and it will not be long." He stowed the charts and log in a locker and returned aft to the control-room.

"The ship is now visible," Herman called from the conning-tower. "It is headed this way. It cannot fail to see us."

Otto said "Good. You will bring your men down immediately. We can't take a chance on being observed. Even the English would not then be fooled."

Herman and the two members of the watch tumbled obediently down the iron ladder.

Carl appeared in the doorway. "Everything is ready, Otto," he reported. "Valves closed. Crew's quarters partially flooded."

Otto said "Good. Everyone forward." He himself walked aft and then returned the length of the submarine, checking up.

He was the last into the torpedo-room. He counted the men and then closed and bolted the bulkhead door.

"I will now outline our plan of action," he announced. "Everyone must pay attention, please. In a few minutes we shall be boarded by a party from the English ship which is even now approaching. They will search us and find us apparently abandoned. They will then take us in tow for the island base. This trip will require approximately five hours, so that it will be dusk when we arrive. We will in all probability be made fast to a dock for the night. Some hours later a small party will be sent ashore to silence any sentries and to ascertain the strength of the enemy and the location of strategic points. When this party has reported we will lay plans for a mass assault on the base under covering fire from our deck gun. By morning it is hoped that we may be able to announce to the Fatherland a complete and unqualified success in the capture of this important base."

The men clapped and cheered enthusiastically.

"We will spend the time between now and midnight at such useful occupations as preparing our arms and equipment," Otto went on. "Everything must be in readiness at the proper time. There will be no talking among the men." He walked across the torpedo-room to join his officers.

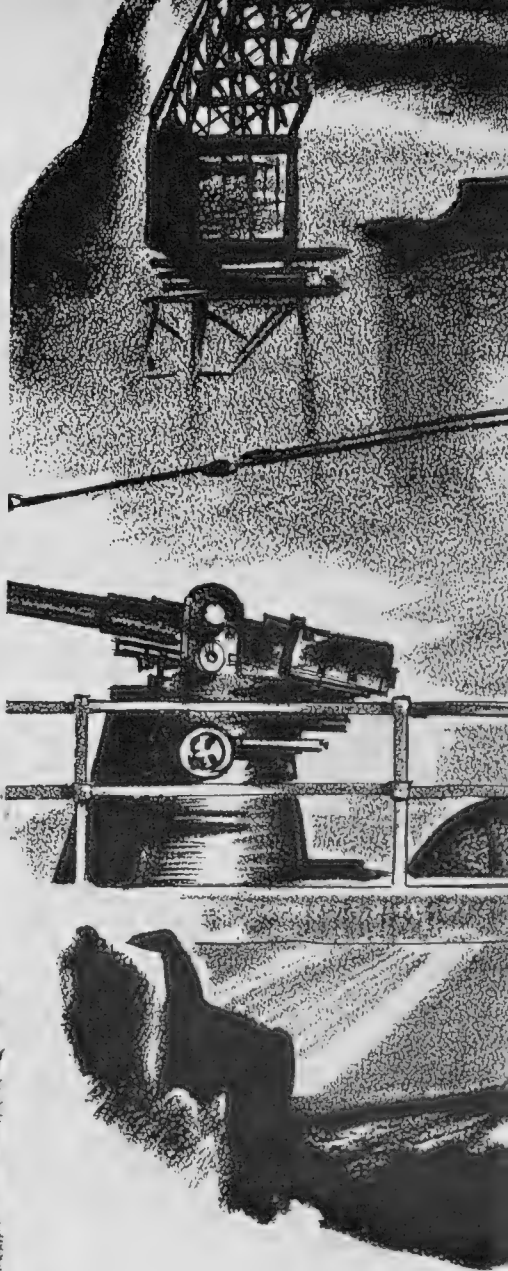
"How they will greet us as heroes back in Wilhelmshaven!" Rudolph prophesied eagerly. "I can imagine it now."

Carl said, "We cannot fail. The English will be taken utterly by surprise. They are heavy sleepers. We will slaughter them in their beds before they awaken."

Herman shook his head gloomily. "I think we should have advised the raider of our intentions," he said. "Perhaps they will soon be in this vicinity, searching for us. They could have aided in the assault."

"Herman is a man of little courage," Rudolph said contemptuously.

"I am a man of much common sense, that is all."



"Enough of this," Otto said sternly. "There will be time for such talk later. We have but five hours in which to prepare. Here are your duties. Herman, you will look after the rations. Arrange to give the men something now and something just before we disembark. Not too much. Hungry men fight better. Carl, you will be in charge of the advance party. Select your men and inspect them. Rudolph, you will be responsible for all arms. Instruct the deck-gun crew and make sure that all small arms are loaded and in firing order. All conversation must henceforth be carried on in whispers."

The U-58 rolled easily on a gentle swell. Putting his ear against the hull, Otto could hear the throbbing of the surface ship's propeller. As he listened the throbbing ceased.

"They are already heaving-to," he announced. "Shortly they will board us. We must be silent."

Ten minutes later there came a sharp grating sound alongside.

"The boarding party," Carl whispered.

Soon they heard the thump of heavy feet on the deck above and muffled voices from the control-room, then still later

To maintain morale and discipline, Otto ordered that everyone should resume his regular routine. "It is the National Socialist way," he said



activity around the bow as the tow-line was made fast.

After a while the U-58 began to move perceptibly.

Rudolph turned. "You are a genius, Otto!" he cried excitedly. "Who else would have thought how so to fool the stupid English?"

"You have a brain, Otto," Carl agreed.

Otto waved away their compliments. "It is nothing," he said. "It requires only a knowledge of the lessons of history and a little imagination. It is for the glory of the Fatherland."

"How the English will bluster when their stupidity is thus made apparent!" Rudolph said gleefully.

"We must not talk," Otto said. "Remember, there are English on board."

The time passed quickly. Carl selected his squad and gave them whispered instructions in one corner. Herman methodically distributed rations among the men. Rudolph examined their rifles and revolvers and discussed probable ranges and firing conditions with the deck-gun crew. At an improvised desk Otto drew up tentative plans of action.

"Four and a half hours," Rudolph said suddenly. "We should be almost there, Otto."

"Almost," Otto agreed. He put his ear to the hull. The throbbing of the surface vessel's propeller was uninterrupted.

Otto led the way through the crew's quarters, into the control-room, and then up the narrow ladder to the conning-tower and the deck

After an hour Rudolph looked at his watch again. The men stirred nervously.

"Did it look like a small ship, Herman?" Otto asked finally.

"I couldn't see it well enough to tell."

Otto explained: "If it is a small ship it will take longer. Probably it is a small ship."

Two more hours passed.

"We should be there by now," Carl said, trying not to show his impatience.

Otto listened at the hull again.

"We should," he agreed.

"Even if it's a very small boat," Herman said.

"This will make no difference whatsoever in our plans," Otto decided. "We will simply not have to wait so long before attacking."

Time continued to pass and still the propeller throbbed monotonously. It was midnight.

"Should it take *this* long?" Carl asked.

"Something is wrong," Otto admitted, frowning. He got up. "I suppose no one happens to have a compass."

One of the men raised his hand.

"I have a compass, Herr Kapitan-leutnant."

Otto said, "Good. In which direction are we moving?"

"North-north-east, Herr Kapitan-leutnant."

The four officers looked at each other. "The island was due south," Carl said slowly.

"Then where are we headed for?" Herman asked.

The answer came to all of them simultaneously.

"England!" Rudolph exclaimed.

There were a few moments of stunned silence. They all looked at Otto. Otto frowned and cleared his throat.

"Remember, this was your idea, Otto," Carl said.

Herman shook his head morosely. "This would not have happened if we had contacted the raider."

Otto drew himself to his full height. "Silence!" he commanded. "If we are going to England—good! This will make little difference to our plans."

They stared at him incredulously.

"Little difference!" Rudolph said. "Are we now going to try to conquer England?"

"With sixty men?" Herman asked.

"You are fools!" Otto roared. "Have you no imaginations? Look. We are going to England. Is that not correct?"

"That is only too correct," Carl agreed.

"And whereabouts in England will they land us, in all probability?"

Rudolph examined one of the charts Otto had brought into the torpedo-room.

"Portsmouth is on the south coast," he said. "Perhaps they will land us there."

"Portsmouth is also a naval base. Of course they will land us there. We could ask nothing better of the stupid English."

Herman asked, "Why, Otto?"

"You are fools," Otto repeated. "Is not Portsmouth one place of landing already chosen by our great Fuehrer for the invasion that is to come? Are the English not unaware of our presence?"

"That is true, Otto," Carl admitted with tentatively returning confidence.

Otto said, "Good. Now follow me. We will be landed at Portsmouth and made fast to a dock. The English will hold a great celebration over the capture of the supposedly abandoned U-58. In their customary stupid manner they will bluster and brag. Meanwhile we will bide our time. Night will fall and with it will come the black-out. The English will be cowering in their hovels in terror of our glorious airmen. Then we will emerge unseen. We will form ranks with true National Socialist discipline and march up the principal street with our band playing martial airs."

"Go on, Otto," Rudolph said eagerly. "I think I understand."

"Precisely," Otto said. "The English, hearing us, will imagine that the invasion has already commenced. They will flee in panic to the hills. Portsmouth will be deserted. We will then contact our great Fuehrer. Soldiers will be quickly sent. Before the stupid English are able to organise a defence, Portsmouth will be ours and, with it, in time, all of England."

Otto paused dramatically. The three officers looked at each other and then at him. Rudolph was the first to break the silence.

"I knew it, Otto! You are a genius!" he said exultantly. "The Fatherland will suitably reward such a brain." He fingered his chest where the Iron Cross once more would soon hang. "The Fatherland will doubtless also reward those who, without question, followed your commands to glorious victory."

Carl sprang to his feet. "We cannot fail," he said. "It will be over before the stupid English realise what is happening."

For some minutes Otto allowed them to discuss the new plan. The foul air in the torpedo-room hummed with excited conjecture. Only Herman did not share the general enthusiasm. He sat in

a corner and shook his head pessimistically. Otto raised his hand for silence.

"We will be some days in reaching England," he said. "In the meantime we must maintain perfect discipline. The wait may seem long, but remember—time passes quickly in the contemplation of glorious deeds for the Fuehrer and Fatherland."

Carl stood and saluted. "We await your orders," he said.

Otto nodded. "Good. First, it must be kept in mind at all times that men from the English ship are still on board. There must be no loud talking, no careless movements which might betray our presence. Herman, you will continue to look after the rations, which must now be more carefully preserved. Rudolph, you will again be responsible for our arms, in case we should have need of them. Carl, you will learn which of the men have musical instruments and form a band. There can, of course, be no practising."

The discipline was perfect. The officers were soon busy at their duties while the men co-operated eagerly and in obedient silence. Otto spread out his charts and attempted to compute the probable length of time they would require to reach England. The task was difficult, as he had no idea whatsoever of their speed, but he announced finally that it should be no less than five days and no more than ten. This was unsatisfactory but better than nothing.

The days, as Otto had prophesied, passed slowly. To maintain morale and discipline he ordered that everyone should resume his regular routine. Watches were set according to strict schedule, look-outs posted, and meagre rations consumed at precisely the usual time. Even when, as they moved northward, it became colder and blankets were an all-day necessity, Otto allowed of no variation.

"It is the National Socialist way," he said. "Precision must be our watchword."

At carefully spaced intervals dress rehearsals were held of their plans for landing. The four musicians—two bugles, a trumpet and a French horn—played soundless martial music, and officers and men were drilled to take their proper places in the dark.

"It is a wonderful plan, Otto," Rudolph said one day in a sudden outburst of enthusiasm, "simple and infallible as all good plans ought to be. It is only a shame that the Greeks had to think of it first."

(Continued on page 64)



Suddenly lights went on. As if at an unspoken word of command the column came to a halt. The heroic strains of the band died feebly away

They Will Want to Live In England

By Negley Farson

THE Rhodesian pilot said: "I wish something would happen." As only a few days previously he had been fished out of the sea after spending two hours in the drink (he had, for a long time—"I thought I was finished"—been unable to get clear from his parachute), I said: "Plenty seems happening to you." He looked surprised, as if I had awakened him from a reverie; then he said: "Oh, I didn't mean that sort of thing. I—well, after this war, I'm going to build myself a shack where there just isn't anybody." His handsome face, with its impudent young moustache, did not have one line of worry in it.

The previous night I had met him at a party to which he had brought two young women; both "lovelies," both crazy about him. That he was popular with the members of his mess was obvious by the way they ragged him. He himself was steady as a clock, with a great sense of good humour. Yet he was going to return to Rhodesia and build a shack to live in where "there just wasn't anybody." Why?

To begin with: he had positive, not negative reasons. He wasn't running away from anything, least of all from himself. The solitary life he talked about was one he thoroughly intended to enjoy. Yet he was no anchorite. Let me say that this was a Sunday morning, at a railway junction; he was patiently waiting for a bus to take him back to his squadron, where he was going to go on duty at one o'clock. So this was no hangover talk. For all he knew he would be on a raid, or in a fight that afternoon. He had drunk very little the previous night. He didn't want to get killed. And the next night, in my home, when I listened to J. B. Priestley's last talk in "Make it Monday," the one where he said that he wished the B.B.C. would put some young officer on the air, some naval lieutenant, or army captain, or R.A.F. pilot, to tell what he wanted from the post-war world, I thought of this young Rhodesian.

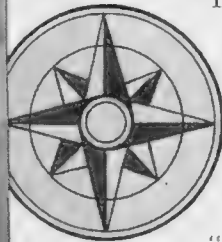
He wanted beauty. And he wanted the personal solitude to enjoy it. He didn't say that in so many words. But as he talked—we had a couple of hours to kill in that hotel lobby—he spoke of one or two trips he had made, one to the Zambezi, which, he said in his quiet way, had been perfectly wonderful. As I listened I recalled that I had heard a merchant marine skipper, an old Irish sea captain,

talk in just the same words. That had been going up to frozen Archangel. When we had got so far north that we never saw the sun—it was just a reflection below the bend of the world, a red glow as from a distant fire, for only a few hours each day—the old Irishman remarked to me, as we watched the Northern Lights dancing across the sky: "The red glow from that sun, over the bend of the world this morning, made me think of the glow over London, when the Surrey Docks were on fire." Now, with these things—he pointed to the Aurora Borealis, whose discharging electrons on this night were draped like mysterious veils before our bow—"why, I sometimes get the feeling that we are sailing right clear out of this here rotten little world. And I wouldn't mind, mind you."

WHEN we went in from the windy bridge, after he had filled his pipe he expanded what he had said. He was an omniverous book reader, like so many merchant marine officers. He had seen, if only to touch at, nearly every major port in the seven seas. He had begun in sail, from Glasgow to Valparaiso, then to Callao. He was as familiar with the West Coast of South America as is a dairyman with the streets along which he delivers the morning's milk. But the thing that had got him most—stuck in his memory—was the Island of Vancouver. As I had lived there for two years myself, I asked him why. "It's the peace," he said, with a sort of a sigh. "It's more than that," I said instantly. He looked at me steadily while he sucked his pipe alight; then he said: "Mind you, there's a certain majesty about the place. A man could live there all his life . . . and never get the fill of it."

Circumstances, he then said, a wife and two daughters, had seen to it that his actual anchorage was a little cottage outside of Cork. He showed me some photographs. "There are the rose bushes," he said. "And that one, she's my youngest. She's a typist in Dublin now." He put the photographs back in his old, worn wallet, explaining anent the roses that all you had to do in Ireland was scratch the ground—to make anything grow. "But it's not got the *grandeur*, mind you. No. Them trees . . . on that Island . . ." He said that if I wanted confirmation I could talk to several of the "boys" on the ship; they had been

(Continued on page 54)



Stones



Fragment of a meteorite which fell at Elwell, Colorado

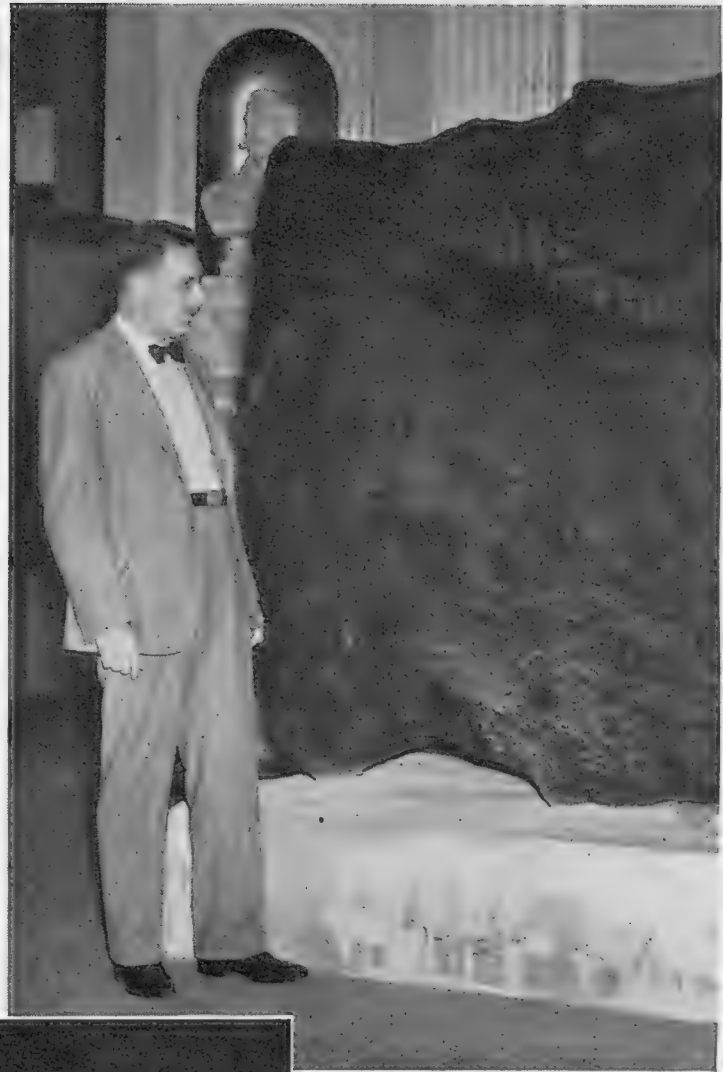
(American Museum of Natural History)

EVERY second of every day this earth is under ceaseless bombardment from outer space. From this realm of unimaginable distances there come stone and iron bodies, travelling at tremendous speed, which tear into the earth's atmosphere and occasionally land on the earth itself.

Most of these bodies are very small and probably average the size of a grain of rice. But owing to the speed at which they travel they nearly all disappear before reaching the ground. As they pass through the atmosphere enormous friction is set up which sets their outer covering alight and, unless they are of considerable bulk, they are consumed by their own fire.

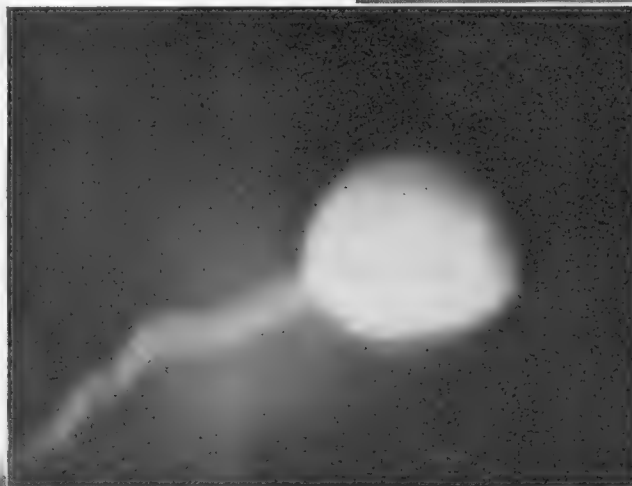
The general name given to these bodies from space is meteors, but those that reach the ground are referred to as meteorites. In other words the blazing apparition which streaks across the heavens is the meteor and the piece of scorched iron and stone which eventually lands is the meteorite.

Meteors vary in the speed at which they travel, but their average velocity is around twenty miles *per second*. To get some idea of what that speed means imagine a meteor and a crack express train racing from London to Edinburgh. The meteor will have reached its destination before the last of the train's carriages has left the station! Compared with a meteor, the fastest rifle bullet ever made just dawdles along, not reaching one-thirtieth of the speed of a really speedy meteor.



One of the three famous Cape York meteorites brought from Greenland by Admiral Peary, the property of the American Museum of Natural History and exhibited in the Hayden Planetarium. This is the largest of the three stones and weighs 36½ tons. (On left) A meteor flashes across the sky. This is one of the best photographs taken of a meteor in motion.

(Photograph by Charles M. Brown, courtesy of the American Meteorite Laboratory)



Such terrific speed, apart from destroying all but the largest meteors, engenders enormous power in these bodies from outer space. It has been calculated that a large meteorite liberates some 450,000 calories per gram of its mass which is several hundred times greater than the explosive power of dynamite. When, therefore, a large meteor does get through the earth's atmosphere comparatively whole it can cause colossal damage.

There is a place in Arizona in the United States where one such meteor landed, probably in prehistoric days. There is a great crater deep enough to place two St. Paul's Cathedrals, one on top of the other. It is nearly a mile wide and has a huge parapet,

A sixty-ton iron meteorite which fell near Grootfontein, South Africa (American Museum of Natural History)

similar to those caused by H.E.s, a hundred and fifty feet high around the edge.



From Heaven

**Some Remarkable Facts About
Meteorites and Meteors**

By Frank W. Lane



the like have struck terror into the hearts of ignorant and superstitious peoples throughout the ages. Here, for example, is a description written in the Middle Ages of a comet :

"This comet was so horrible and frightful, and produced such great terror among the populace, that some died of fear; others fell sick. It appeared as a star of excessive length and of the colour of blood; at its summit was seen the figure of a bent arm, holding a great sword in its hand, as if about to strike. At the front there were three stars. On both sides of the rays of this comet were seen a great number of axes, knives, spears coloured with blood, among which were a great number of hideous human faces with beards and bristling hair."

A really great shower of meteors, as occurs in some parts of the world in mid-August and mid-November in the years when a swarm of meteors is carried into the earth's path, is one of the most awesome spectacles imaginable. Picture a giant firework display spread over the whole heavens as far as the eye can see and you will have some idea of what a "shower of meteors" really looks like.

Of course, there is one decided difference between a firework and a meteor and that is that whereas most fireworks blaze as they ascend from the earth, meteors flare with their own incandescence as they descend. Yet, although to the frightened and ignorant onlooker it may look as if a thousand fiery shells are hurtling in his direction, the actual danger to life and limb from a meteor is so slight as to be not worth troubling about.

A meteor becomes visible by beginning to burn only when it starts being destroyed. Owing to the tiny size of the average meteor it burns itself out in a few seconds. It is safe to say that the vast majority of meteors never get within several

miles of the actual earth. The hundred miles or so of the earth's atmosphere acts as a shield against which all but the largest visitors from space are effectually destroyed.

But very occasionally a meteor is seen to fall to the ground. (Continued on page 53)



(On left) Looking across the great meteorite crater near Winslow, Arizona. (Below) An aerial view of the Arizona meteorite crater, which is 4,150 feet in diameter and 570 feet deep and is surrounded by a 150-foot high parapet forced up by the enormous pressure of the exploding meteorite (American Museum of Natural History)

The weight of the giant meteorite which gouged out this great hole in the earth has been estimated at several million tons. When this great bomb of stone and iron struck, it hurled rocks and debris around the countryside for a distance of several miles.

The greatest meteor to strike the earth in historic times appears to have been that which fell in Siberia in 1908. (It is possible that larger masses have plunged into the oceans and some of the great tidal disturbances which have occurred in the past may be due to this cause.) Fortunately, it fell in a sparsely populated area or else this giant mass from space might have completely blotted out one of Russia's greatest cities.

In passing, astronomers tell us that a few years ago a giant mass, far larger than either the Arizona or Siberian meteorites, missed this earth by a very narrow margin. It is true that the nearest this body came to the earth was about half a million miles, but in terms of astronomical distance that is far too near to be comfortable! Had this giant wanderer from space actually collided with any portion of the earth's surface it would have caused the greatest natural catastrophe within the memory of mankind.

It may well be imagined that meteors and





A young mother of the Gold Coast with her baby

room, she is asked her name and other particulars by an African clerk. Holding the card he has just issued to her, she proceeds to the second room. Here a trained African midwife gives her a stool to sit on, and starts a lengthy questionnaire, the object of which is to find out her previous medical history in relation to child-bearing. She asks her how many children she has had and what their ages are. That is a poser! Mammy shakes her head. She can answer question number one all right. She's had twelve children, but she really hasn't the least idea when any of them were born. The midwife, who is used to this sort of thing, has her own method of questioning to find out what she wants to know. If translated her questions would run perhaps like this: "How big is your first 'pickin'?" "Does he go to the

school?" "Is she married?" or "Them last 'pickin' you born, how big he be—like so—or like so?" measuring with her hand the possible height from the floor. The history is further complicated because three of the twelve have "expired," but whether the three were numbers two, five and six, or later in the family tree, has quite escaped her memory.

When this sorting-out process is completed, the patient is passed on to number three examiner, another trained African nurse, and now (Continued on page 54)

The Black Piccaninnies of the Gold Coast

Two generations in British Togoland. Mother naked, baby in European linen

A little patient of the Princess Louise Children's Hospital at Accra



IT is ante-natal day at the Red Cross clinic, and by eight o'clock in the morning a crowd of chattering African women have arrived at the centre to get help and advice on their approaching motherhood.

Some of the women have brought children who are too young to be left behind at home with them. These small "pickins" run about and play, while mother sits and waits her turn. Benches are provided in the cool and airy verandas.

At the clinic African nurses, in spotless blue and white, move in and out of the rooms—nice, inviting rooms with freshly distempered walls and scoured cement floors. Pictures of laughing babies attract the eye.

The mothers-to-be look as if they are enjoying themselves. This is a jaunt for some of them who have come from miles away by train, lorry, or on foot. It is a break in their routine of hard work, and they enjoy a good gossip and a good sit down.

Let us follow one woman, who is being beckoned inside by one of those trim little African nurses. She doesn't seem to be overawed by officialdom, but answers readily when, in the first

West African nurses in spotless blue and white with some of the babies at the Red Cross clinic





A Fair Risk

*Was It Just Cutting Red Tape.
or Breaking The Rules?*

By George Stern

"VERY well, then!" said the leading seaman with some heat, "if you won't give me any leave I'm going ashore without!"

"If ye do that," retorted the cox'n, "I'm pootin' ye in the rattle!"

"All right! Put me in the rattle!"

The cox'n held himself in check.

"Yer makkin' it verra awkward," he said, half threatening, half conciliatory. "An' how about takkin' yer hands oot o' yer pockets, ye remember what the commander said last time he came aboard!"

"Oh, all right; but I've about had enough of this red tape! They're trying to run this ship like a battleship and I can tell you, cox'n, the lads won't stand for it!"

"Och, it's no the lads that's the trouble, it's just you yersel'! Yer always different fra every one else! Last time in, when the crew had leave to go to the concert ye insisted on stayin' aboard. The time before that when ye should have stopped aboard ye were off to a lecture on Roosia or somethin'! Why canna ye be like the rest of us!"

The leading seaman smiled.

"Well, cox'n, those concerts just aren't my idea of enjoyment, that's all."

For a moment the cox'n made no reply. He was a bit puzzled. Then he spoke again.

"Ye well know it doesna' rest wi' me. Port orders is port orders; an' if the regulations about fire parties on board alters yer night ashore, yer must just tak' the rough wi' the smooth! Anyway, ye can ha' yer night ashore next time we're in."

"That's no use to me, cox'n. I want to-night!"

"It must be verra' important!" said the cox'n with some slight sarcasm. "Ye wouldna' be meetin' a young lady by any chance?"

"What the hell's that got to do with you!"

"It's got sae much tae do wi' me that if ye don't watch out I'll ha' ye before the skipper for disobeyin' a lawful command!"

The leading seaman became calmer.

"Sorry, cox'n; I lost my temper."

"I'll accept yer apology. But ye're still more nuisance than any other man aboard. Ye never ha' yer gas mask when it's wanted! Yer bunk's always untidy! Yer belongings an' yer books are all over the ship, but I'm damned if I know what ye're studyin'! Ye spend haf yer time arguin' about politics an' religion an' the like! An' noo ye're wantin' to start leave breakin'!"

"Well, you needn't worry, cox'n; I'll take the can back if there's any trouble—and if there isn't a raid no one need be any the wiser."

"Aye, it's all verra' well talkin' like that, but I'm responsible for the conduct of ma men!"

The leading seaman found that remark something of a problem for he knew it was true enough. But it was also a problem for the cox'n. For although he knew that all he'd just said about the leading seaman was true, he knew also that once at sea the fellow was worth any other three men. He stared down at the deck, then up at the old trawler's funnel whose gaily painted chevrons on the drab grey were eloquent evidence of the ship's record as a sweeper—a record which he doubted could have been achieved without the help of the leading seaman. Another couple of those chevrons, in fact, and it would be fifty mines—the highest total in the whole command!

He took his decision suddenly.

"All right! Awa' wi' ye ashore! But if the Jerry decides tae come oot to-night, I'll no be responsible for the consequences!"

THE leading seaman fetched his cap from the mess-deck and was over the side and hurrying down the quay almost before the cox'n had finished speaking. The cox'n stood and watched and smiled to himself; wondering who the girl might be, for there were some bonny lassies up at the base without a doubt.

Aye, and thinking of the base reminded him: that P.O. Wren at the clothing store had promised to keep him a pair of those broad-fitting shoes when the next lot came in—awful trouble wi' the feet he'd had lately—and if he hurried he could get there before they closed.

He walked up the dock, wondering vaguely if he'd done right to let the

THE cox'n stood aside to let the fair-haired Wren pass through the doorway



leading seaman go, and feeling a trifle irritated that he had allowed himself to be put in such a position. After all, he was the cox'n, and if he said no it was no. What if there were a raid to-night—he became quite angry at the thought of it. And yet—and yet . . . But, anyhow, it was too late now.

He clambered up the rather rickety stairs of what had once been a bonded warehouse to the clothing store. And as he opened the door he heard women's voices raised in argument. The P.O. Wren was standing with her back to him, and in front of her was the tall, fair-haired Wren with the nice round features and clear complexion who he'd noticed once or twice before and thought quite the bonniest of all.

"You're always different," the P.O. Wren was saying heatedly, "I've had more trouble with you than the rest of the girls put together! And while I remember you'd better alter that hair of yours—you know what the Third Officer said last time she came round!"

"Oh, never mind about my hair! Can I go ashore to-night or can't I? I've had about enough of this red tape!"

"You'll be having a lot more of it if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head!"

The Wren blushed a little.

"Sorry, P.O. I lost my temper. But

ANOTHER burst of gunfire drowned the rest of her words. But he was watching her outstretched arm

really, there's no reason why I shouldn't go ashore. I mean—"

"I don't know what you mean! All I know is that you always seem to be asking for leave at the most awkward times. What's going to happen if there's a raid to-night and our fire watchers are one short? The trouble with you, young lady, is you've no sense of duty!"

"That's not fair!" came the quick retort; "look how many times I've stayed aboard and worked when I could have gone ashore."

"That's just it! When you can go ashore you won't, and when you can't go you want to! Always different, aren't you? And it's only a few days since you had extra leave to go to one of those symphonic concerts or something. What is it this time?"

The Wren hesitated to reply and for a moment the P.O. was silent, too. She was annoyed. Annoyed and puzzled. The girl certainly was troublesome. Yet there was no denying there was something in what she'd said about working late, and when it came to doing the store accounts—well, the P.O. simply didn't know how she'd manage without her.

She was a wise little P.O. and she made a quick decision.

"All right," she said, and added, with a faint sarcasm in her voice: "But remember, Harbour Hill's out of bounds!"

The cox'n who had listened to the conversation with an almost childlike pleasure, and wonderment, stood aside to let the fair-haired Wren pass through the doorway, and the charming smile she gave him increased his pleasure, even if his wonderment also.

HE was a nice man, she thought, as she made her way along the quay with light step, past the trawlers, past the motor sweepers, behind the dock where the merchant ships lay, across the floating bridge, and out of the dock gates.

"E's just round the corner, missie," sang out the policeman, with a fatherly grin. She blushed a bit and hurried on. The leading seaman, looking intently into a shop window but seeing nothing, recognised her step before she reached him. He turned and waited for her.

"Hullo!"

"Hullo!"

They'd been meeting like this for many months now, but were always a little shy of one another at first.

"Well, what shall we do?"

"Nothing much on at the flicks, is there? Anyway, it's too nice to be indoors."

"Yes. The usual, then?"

It was nearly always "the usual," although neither cared to admit it was what they most enjoyed.

"All right, but do you know it's out of bounds now?"

"What! Harbour Hill out of bounds! First I've heard of it—they'll be putting the sunshine out of bounds next! What's their idea, anyway?"

"Ask me something easier. Expect they think it's time they issued a few more 'don'ts.' Suppose there must be some reason, though."

"Suppose so, but if it's out of bounds we'd better not go there—had we?"

"No, I'd simply hate to break any rules!"

And with that they fell into an understanding silence. Unconsciously they joined hands and to the music of the fallen leaves kicked by their feet they began their climb through the woods to their well-loved rendezvous on the top of Harbour Hill.

It was long before either spoke. Then suddenly:

"Penny for them," he said.

"Nothing much," she replied; "except I was wondering why they must keep on making these silly little rules and regulations."

"No reason at all—except that they live in a house of rules and regulations—and permissions and applications. I think the plaster of their house must be held together by red tape—take that away and I'll bet the house would collapse!"

She pressed his hand a little and said softly: "Our house—isn't—won't—collapse—will it—ever?"

"No—it won't—ever?"

They were at the summit now and they sat down on the grass, sheltered from the slight breeze by a mound wild with hawthorn. The setting sun cast a pale glow over the bay, lending it a beauty which, to them, was familiar yet always new. And then lest the sun's light might be withdrawn too quickly as he dropped down behind the old fort, the hawthorn berries

seemed to take on his reflection and began to turn brightly in the twilight.

They did not speak, but gently—almost stealthily as he had always done and as she always wanted him to do—he took her in his arms, and she pressed her cheek against his. And then, slowly, they turned their faces towards each other until their lips also were pressed together. And so they remained. And the hawthorn berries seemed to watch them and time seemed to wait for them.

But time never will stand still for more than an hour or two, especially in wartime, and both their hearts beat a bit faster when the siren sounded its sudden wail from below.

He released her for a moment.

"Blast! Of course this would just happen to-night!"

"Why, what's the matter? Are you supposed to be on duty or something?"

His reply showed no hesitation.

"Good heavens, no! Only just a bit disturbing to our own peace, that's all."

No use telling her he really was supposed to be with the fire party on board—she'd only feel worried in case he got into the rattle, even though she knew he didn't care.

"Then that's O.K.!" she said, with rather a forced tone of relief.

She mustn't let him know she ought not to be out—he'd only worry in case she got into trouble, even though he knew she didn't care.

They waited, hopefully, for nothing to

happen, but their hopes were shattered by a burst of gunfire. There was quiet for a moment.

Then: "What's that?" she shouted breathlessly.

There was an eerie swishing, whining sound.

A terrific roar of a plane suddenly burst on their ear-drums.

"Look!"

Another burst of gunfire drowned the rest of her words. But he was watching her outstretched arm.

Something seemed to flutter momentarily across the lower limb of the crescent moon.

"Mines!" he shouted almost exultantly.

"Line from here to left-hand tower of old fort! About half-way! Got a pencil?"

"What do you——" Her sentence was never finished.

"There's another!" she shouted.

"Good! Keep your eyes glued on it!"

"It's fallen in the water!"

"All right. Write down if you——"

The roar of another plane intervened. She wrestled with her handbag. There was a minute's silence. He could hear paper rustling. There was a whining sound again.

"Quick! Another! In line with third crane from end of loading jetty! Nearer there than here! Got it?"

"Yes, but——"

"But what?"

"Look! Two more splashes."

"For heaven's sake, girl, get a line on them!"

"All right! Just behind the old coal hulk——"

"Fine! Keep on writing! The old Hun's pretty cunning to-night. Gliding in from landward, dropping his stuff and then buzzing out to sea ag——"

Another roar of planes. The town was lit by the flash of gunfire.

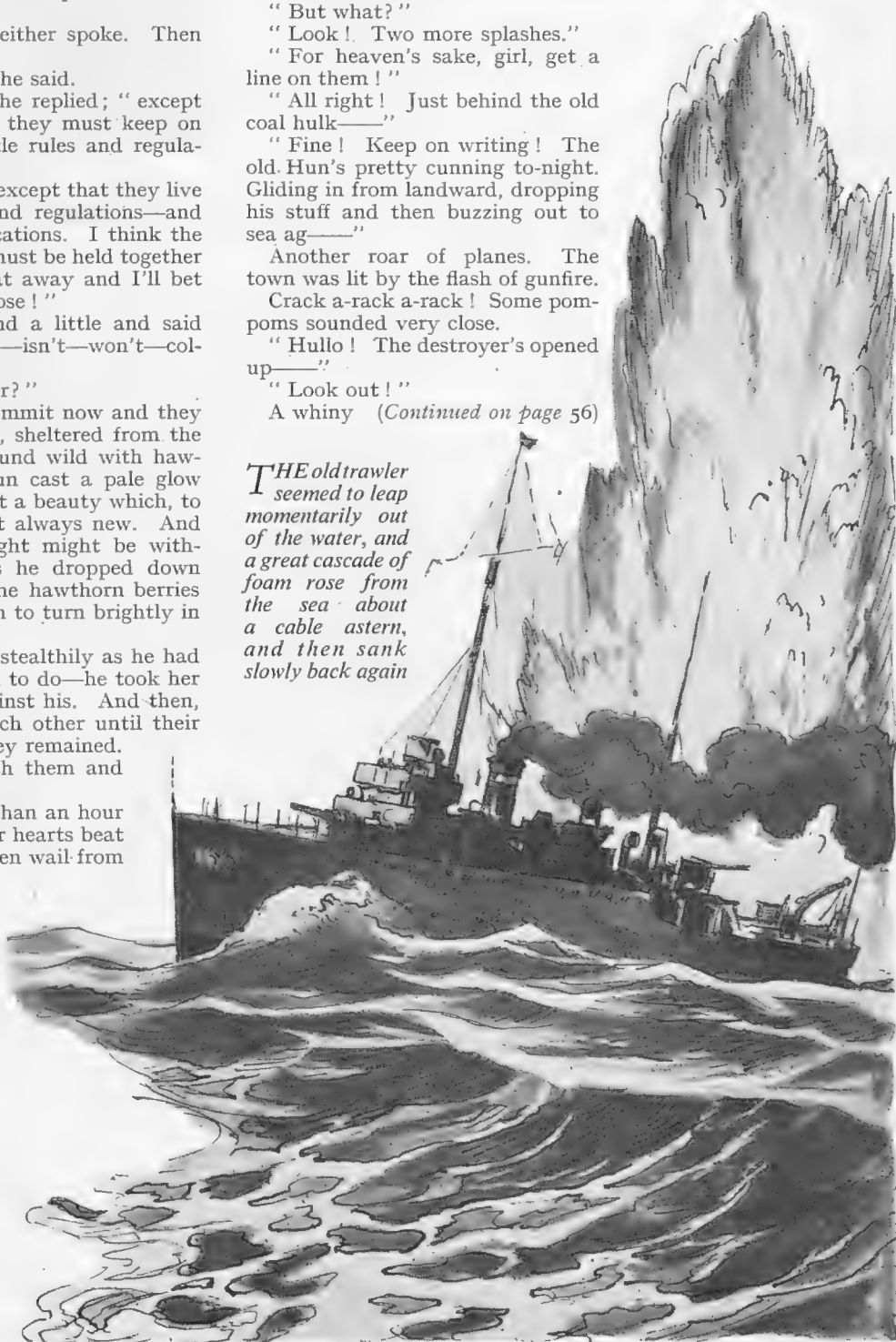
Crack a-rack a-rack! Some pom-poms sounded very close.

"Hullo! The destroyer's opened up——"

"Look out!"

A whiny (Continued on page 56)

THE old trawler seemed to leap momentarily out of the water, and a great cascade of foam rose from the sea about a cable astern, and then sank slowly back again



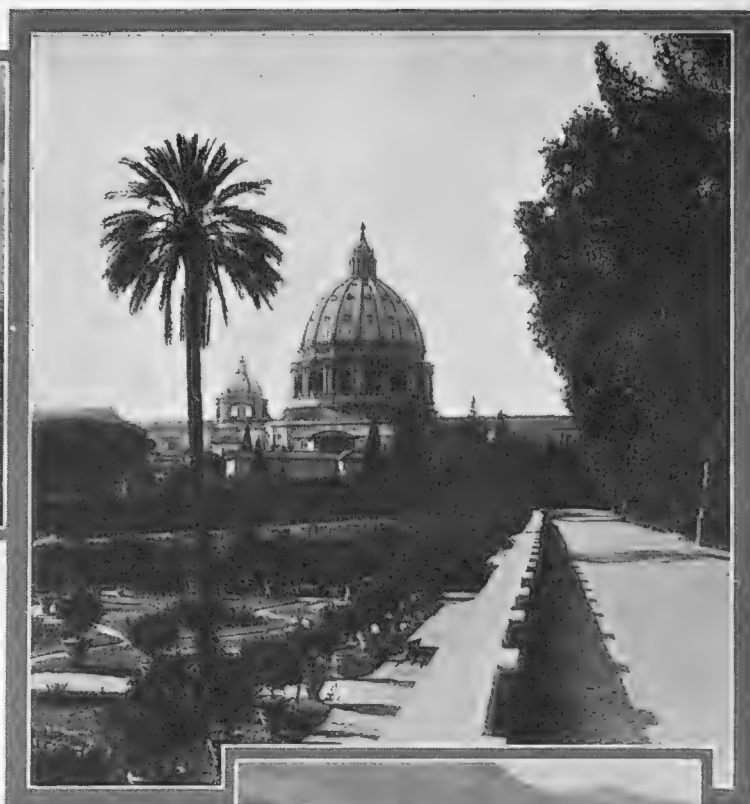


Toy States of The Continent

and what will become of them

By Ferdinand Tuohy

A view of Schloss Vaduz, the castle of Prince von Liechtenstein, who rules over the little monarchy of Liechtenstein



The gardens of Vatican City, the youngest, and, of course, most important of the toy states

WITHIN a week of the Duce's fall and while Badoglio's Italy was still irresolute, "the independent Republic of San Marino" (so the cables said) threw off its Fascist Council and arranged for a new regime based on proportional representation.

Now, admittedly, this news was the merest speck in the day's war budget at that tumultuous time. Who cared what a lot of Italian hillbillies did in their comic opera toy of a state? Nevertheless, San Marino's wholehearted vanguard gesture held its little piece of contemporary history. It brought to one's attention the survival capacity of the Continent's bunch of midget states.

One among them, Vatican City, is a case apart. But the other four, San Marino, Liechtenstein, Andorra and Monaco were, to all appearances, swallowed up in the New Order which washed all round their fictitious frontier lines. Who ever thought these minikin strays would emerge again as distinguishable entities? Yet this is what they are doing, thanks to an accommodating "how-d'you-do?" policy towards giants pounding by on the warpath.

The only hope, the only thing to do during these wars of monster neighbours, is to lie so low as virtually to pass from the monsters' consciousness. No use—even fatal—to claim a neutral's rights. That would only rouse the monsters by impeding them, and mean the end of you.

CONTRARY, then, to all the chances, Europe's toy states look like coming through alive, and welcome they should be for decorating the scene—four are grand specimens physically—and for providing a sorely needed difference amid a menacing universalism. That each will return to its pre-war exotic condition is unlikely. These Lilliputians must "march" up to a point beside their huge neighbours. But they can keep a good ideal of their individuality, not least in externals.

This individuality is real, not just a myth for tourists. When San Marino re-introduced freedom without waiting on what Italy did it was running true to ancestral record. This oldest and smallest republic perched on Snowdon-high precipices, a dozen miles from Rimini and the Adriatic coast, has done things its own way for fifteen centuries. Mountain freedom and independence topped all the story of which the visitor is reminded by the Republic's only two statues. One is of liberty, and we shall overlook the nationality of its donor, a German woman, because she married an Acquaviva, attractive surname suggesting brandy. The second statue has—a moral!

Search the globe for another commemoration of a man who prevented the enlargement of his country. This piece of stone honours a citizen of early last century who said: "No, thank you" to none other than Napoleon. While lording it in Italy the First Consul developed a respect for this sturdy, independent tribe—it is only 12,000 to-day—and offered to extend the toy republic's domain down to the seashore and a port. But the San Marinans reasoned that if they absorbed coveted riparian land it would only be a question of time before they were set upon by despoilers. They preferred to be left alone and in peace.

San Marino was overlooked when Italy became a nation in 1860. It was forgotten again after the last war, and found itself still at war with Germany in 1939, and it would like nothing better than to be forgotten again to-morrow. The republic's foreign policy is simplicity itself. "The (Continued on page 60)



The harbour, Monaco. This principality of eight square miles has been marched through by French, Italians and Germans



San Marino. This oldest and smallest republic has done things its own way for fifteen centuries



A fête in progress at Escaldas, the most modern town in the republic of Andorra

Old Tales Re-told

The Sack of Rome

THE present vicissitudes of Rome under the heel of the Germans have brought to my mind an old book that lies amongst the curiosities of my modest library. I found it in the Caledonian Market, that unique and fascinating place that used to offer for sale the flotsam and jetsam of this great metropolis. The volume had lost its original parchment cover, but was otherwise in a perfect state of preservation with no pages missing. It was written in Italian, and on the title-page I read: "Historical narrative of all that happened day by day during the sack of Rome in the year 1527, by Jacopo Buonaparte Sanminiatese, an eye-witness of the events."

Faithfully transcribed from the original, it had been brought to light for the first time by this publication, in Cologne, 1756.

I was already acquainted with the general outline of the gigantic calamity that ravaged the immortal city. But I knew that none of the historians who had treated the subject had been witness to the event. The name of Jacopo

What the Germans did to the Eternal City in 1527

Written and Illustrated

By

F. Matania, R.I.

Buonaparte was well known to the literary circles of the sixteenth century. When for the first time I read his work, I became completely absorbed in a narrative that was not only precise and succinct, but lavishly rich in detail.

The present moment is a fit one to reopen a diary that for over 200 years was forgotten by the Buonaparte family until rediscovered by a certain Lorenzo Pierotti.

It may be of interest and instruction to many people to-day to read in its

pages the proof of the theory that human nature does not change. To obtain some idea of what we may expect in the future, we have only to glance at the dreadful record of past exploits of the Teutonic race.

In 1527 the great Bourbon Constable of France rebelled against his king. He planned to attack his own country with the help of Great Britain and Germany. The Germans would fall upon France from Flanders and from their own borders, while he, with an army of his own, would attack from Italy.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances, however, the plan was not carried out; and he therefore found himself stranded in Italy at the head of a company of 40,000 men, chiefly Germans and Spaniards, with no money to pay them. In order to pacify them he suggested the sacking and looting of Florence. He was not at war with the Florentines, but his need for ready money was so urgent that he was quite prepared to put that noble city at the mercy of his followers, who comprised the scum of humanity.



St. Peter's Square, Rome, at the time the Germans were in possession of the city. Drawn from a contemporary print



Messer Domenico attempted to shield with his own body his two beautiful daughters. He was soon plucked hands seized hold of them. Their rich dresses were stripped off them, and then they were thrown to the

Once again his plans were frustrated, for Florence bravely repulsed the attempt. He had insufficient supplies to enable him to besiege the city, so instead he turned his desperate eyes on Rome.

Pope Clement II., taken by surprise, was unprepared to resist. On the contrary, for reasons of economy he

had dismissed his own soldiery, most of whom were the staunch and faithful Swiss. From the attackers' point of view, the enterprise would be a "walk over." Rome, richest city in the world, would fall easy prey to the invaders. Charles Bourbon well knew that this kind of warfare was the one preferred by the Huns and their greedy Spanish satellites, and his proposal



away from them, and filthy, hairy soldiery who filled the ante-rooms

attracted inevitably an additional horde of outlaws, brigands, thieves and cut-throats from all over the country.

ON the 5th of May, 1527, the barbarians were outside the walls of Rome, considering from which point to make their attack. Within, the Pope alone seemed fully aware of

the frightful danger and was making desperate attempts to make his subordinates co-operate in a plan of defence.

With great difficulty he got together a garrison of 3,000 men. This absurdly small improvised army inspired everyone with renewed confidence. The citizens knew that Charles Bourbon lacked food and supplies, and they were confident that he would have to disband his forces before the walls could be breached. Also, there were reinforcements on the way. The army of the "League" was known to be on its way up from the south, so all would no doubt be well.

Every precaution put forward by Clement was ignored. The gates were not strengthened with iron, the bridges across the Tiber were neither severed nor barricaded. There was no need to worry. The reinforcements would arrive in time. But the day soon came when the ladders of the marauders appeared on the walls of Rome—and there was no sign of the approach of the relieving army.

At dawn on the 7th, the first shots were heard from the arquebuses of the scanty defenders. One of these shots killed the leader of the attackers, the Constable of Bourbon himself, who had imprudently come right up to the walls dressed in white to supervise the placing of the ladders.

Benvenuto Cellini claims, on his Memoirs, the honour of that shot. But it was a most unfortunate achievement for Rome, for the Bourbon leader was a great soldier who could at least have maintained some sort of military order and restrained his men from committing the horrible excesses in which they later indulged. Next in rank to the fallen leader was a German, Captain Frundsberg. Taking control at once, he began to inflame his men with promises of fabulous booty; also, as a Lutheran, to inspire them with hatred of the Pope, the Cardinals and the whole Catholic faith. He described the churches as mere repositories where ill-gotten treasure was piled up to the roof. With every evil means at his command he sharpened the greed and ferocity of the famished wolves around him.

When they were ready they began to creep forward under cover of a heavy mist, which prevented the watchers on the walls from realising the extent of the forces against them. The defenders accomplished something very like a miracle in repulsing the first attacks. For some time not one alien foot was placed on the ancient walls, nor did any of the gates give way under the vicious battering to which they were subjected.

But the scene soon changed. Pandemonium had broken out amongst the terrified citizens near Porta Torriane and Santo Spirito, who were running to and fro shouting madly that the enemy had already broken in. Some of the defenders joined the throng, and presently more and more of them dropped down from their places on the walls to find out what was happening.

The panic became general and soon the situation was entirely out of hand.

The actual origin of it was only a trifling incident which could easily have been dealt with. Through entering an embrasure on the outer wall leading to an empty house, a very few bold spirits among the Spaniards found themselves inside the fortifications. Entirely at the mercy of the defenders, they had the presence of mind to shout encouragements to imaginary followers: "Kill! Kill them all. Long live Spain!"

This had been sufficient to start the general stampede which ended in utter collapse. In poured the hordes of ruffians like a tidal wave. The few defenders still at their posts were slaughtered and there was nothing to check the murderous fury of the invaders. Every person visible in the streets was struck down by swords, axes or gleaming lances. They raged through every thoroughfare and alley, clearing them of human life. This orgy of blood, which went on for hours, was only the beginning.

What happened afterwards surpassed in horror even the massacre.

Doors and windows had been hastily barred and valuables hidden away. But the Germans had provided themselves with heavy poles for ramming the futile barricades of the houses.

They started on the palaces of the wealthy. The first to be despoiled was that of Domenico de Massimi, and in this there was something like retributive fate. For when the Pope had been desperately trying to make the richest citizens contribute funds to pay for the formation of a large defence force, he had met, with little or no response, Domenico de Massimi, the



women or the tears of distracted mothers, the barbarians were deaf and blind to them. It was a common sight to see frantic girls clinging to the bosoms of their dishevelled mothers, while the latter dug claw-like hands in the hair and beards of the soldiers in a vain effort to save their girls from outrage. These struggles only served to inflame the barbarians still more."

The passage continues to a crescendo of sadistic horrors and orgies of sensuality that are better skipped. Suffice it to say that many parents were driven insane by what they had witnessed, while others, in a transport of despair, blinded themselves. In other instances, fathers killed their own daughters sooner than let them fall into the hands of the ruffians.

But all this, it seems, was not enough. In order to serve the cause of Lutheranism in true German style, the temples and churches were made the scene of the worst excesses of murder and rape. Many young women had sought to find sanctuary in the sacred precincts, but these were soon invaded by the soldiers, dragging in more women with them, and there before the altars they organised such hellish orgies of drunkenness and profanation that even the legends of Sodom and Gomorrah are eclipsed and put into the shade.

The Pope's palace had been looted of all its treasure. His Holiness, with only such possessions as could be carried by hand, had escaped through the secret corridor that led to the Castle of Sant' Angelo. This was the only fortress that could withstand the attackers. A number of cardinals, nobles and other (Continued on page 53)

The warriors of Captain Frundsberg ran wild through the streets arrayed in the religious vestments of cardinals and papal prelates

richest man in Rome, offered less than anyone—the ridiculous sum of 100 scudi. We shall see now how bitterly he repented of his avarice. The doors of his house soon gave way under the blows of axes and battering-rams, the terrified servants were driven like cattle to the slaughter, and Messer Domenico found himself confronted by a horde of ravening fiends in human shape.

In ragged uniforms soaked with the blood of their victims, they shouted fierce requests at him in a foreign tongue. Messer Domenico tried to shield with his own body the members of his family, among whom were two grown daughters. He was soon plucked away from them, and filthy, hairy hands seized hold of the girls. Their rich dresses were stripped off them, the ear-rings were torn out of the lobes of their ears, and then they were thrown to the soldiery who filled the ante-rooms, where they were savagely fought for. That was the last seen of them.

While the house was systematically looted, Messer Domenico and his sons were tortured to make them confess where their money was hidden. Eventually the terrible scene drew to an end, but not before the proud owners were dispossessed of an enormous sum and had had their limbs pulled out of the sockets.

LET us try to translate literally a passage at random from this dreadful record of Jacopo Buonaparte: "Entering the best houses, they took away all that was in them. But, not satisfied yet, with great cruelty they tied up all the men, compelling fathers to witness the rape of their daughters, husbands the dishonouring of their wives, and brothers the violation of their sisters, while they were powerless to help them. And this, however high the social rank of the families. No matter how pitiful and heartrending were the entreaties of beautiful



The Pope, disguised as a poor peasant carrying a basket, with empty sacks on his shoulders, slipped through the guarded gate of the castle



OVER London the transcontinental slowed and poked out its in-transit gangway like a tentacle from its huge wing-tip. The intercontinental drew alongside and the gangway magnets clamped on its entrance door. The passengers with European tickets walked through the tube linking the two airliners, the stewards dumped their luggage and returned. Then the door closed, the electro-magnets let go, the big express drew the gangway back into its wing, and with a blast of its jets drew away. The European local turned its nose towards Berlin and pointed east to Bucharest.

The correspondent of the *Martian News* looked down and made mental notes.

"We are crossing the English Channel. I can see the twin bridges linking it to the European shore, and also the twin-tube traffic tunnel under the sea-bed. The British island is now a part of Europe.

"Now I see the lights of Holland on the mainland. We are flying along the old bomber route. There are many large glowing V's made by beamed lights over the cities. They are celebrating the centenary of the conquest of Hitlerite Germany and the inauguration of the Great Peace."

A government helicopter dropped him in the airport at Berchtesgaden, which since the federalisation had been the official residence of the President of the United States of Europe. A car sped him on nine miles along a winding rock road, for the President, his day's work done, had retired from the great mansion to his private quarters in the mountain eyrie constructed a hundred years ago by the engineer Todt as a kind of Antinea's castle for his demonic master, the second Attila, Hitler.

The President, whose name was Schmidt and who, before his election, had been president of the European Institute of Electrical Engineers, welcomed his visitor in one of the sitting-rooms off the vast central hall, where, in the old days, at that

same table surrounded by those same thirty chairs, the man who dreamed of mastering Europe and the world plotted with his confederates, and with a mad gesture scrambled peoples, states and empires, to make a Hitlerian omelet.

"We have been expecting you for some time."

"We have been ready to pay you a visit for several earth centuries," said the Martian politely. "But each time we prepared to leave, another war blazed on your planet; and as we were not certain whether it would be over when we arrived we decided to wait. When we found you had not had a war in fifty years we decided to risk it. Our people will be interested to hear that, the President of Europe is now a German."

The President smiled shaking his bushy head.

"It is a centenary gesture. In any case, our term is only one year. When we Europeans finally joined under a federal constitution we chose the

Swiss rather than the American system—the Swiss confederation is a modification of the American, and we still don't care to give a chief executive power for as long as four years. In time I expect the presidency will be a ten-year term. Of course, in case of a European emergency, the commander-in-chief assumes control—again as in Switzerland, but not as in America. And the American Confederation and the British Empire have two votes to our one in naming the commander of the European force."

"What about the Russians?" asked the Martian.

"We are still discussing that," said the President, a trifle evasively.

"It took some time to make this union?" suggested the visitor delicately.

"First there were loose federations. The eastern European states were a trouble. The big powers couldn't agree on their grouping, and they couldn't agree among themselves. Germany was also a problem. The Russians had one idea, the Anglo-Americans another, and the Germans had their (Continued on page 64)

Post-war Problems for a Peaceful Continent

By
C. Patrick Thompson

THE sun was warm and cheering to the crowds of Berliners strolling under the trees in the Tiergartenstrasse. For a few brief hours the war was forgotten. True, the familiar Sunday band playing Wagner, with the leader tossing his baton, was a thing of the past, and even the familiar spectacle of perfectly drilled soldiers goose-stepping like clockwork was missing. The Nazi leaders knew that parades could no longer deafen the people to the voice of despair. The "12-Uhr Blatt" was still bellowing of U-boat triumphs in the Atlantic, but the men and women in Berlin could remember the growl of enemy motors overhead and the tales that red-eyed refugees from the Ruhr whispered to all who would listen.

Yes, it was warm and "gemutlich" strolling under the trees, even if the beer-gardens only sold a thin, sour liquid for beer, and coffee that stained one's teeth. The "hausfrauen" had a scrap of ribbon at their throats which gave a brave defiance to their shabby black dresses. Only in the sad backs of the men could you see the tiredness and fear that had gripped the Reich.

But the young man looking down on the crowds from the first-floor window of a former Embassy only saw people and the warm sunlight and the friendly shadow of the trees. And it hurt him.

He thought of the gay, jostling crowds in London's Hyde Park; of the tub - thumpers yelling

I l l u s t r a t i o n s

at good-humoured audiences; of English girls in cool summer frocks; of tea and scones in a Corner House. He would never see Hyde Park again.

The door opened and an orderly nodded curtly. He turned reluctantly from the window, buttoned his neat flannel suit and followed the man into a richly furnished room dominated by an oil painting of Der Fuehrer. It was a large and airy room with two desks at the far end. Sitting behind one of the desks, directly under the huge painting, was an officer in the uniform of the Luftwaffe.

"Sit down," he said abruptly, after surveying the Englishman for a full minute without a word. In his manner was antagonism, contempt and a faint cariosity.

"I have examined a report on your career," he growled, "and am asked to find you suitable work. You are not satisfied with speaking on the radio?"

The young man didn't answer. He knew enough about German colonels by now to know that such a question was rhetorical. He shrugged slightly to convey his indifference, but could not suppress a faint excitement. Speaking over the radio

Wings In

***Even In The Worst Of
a Spark***



JACK N.
FAYOLLE

b y J a c k F a u l k s

to South Africa had been quite fun, at first, but the awful nonsense handed him every evening was wearing him down.

"You have been a flying officer," said the colonel, and the contempt in his tone was biting. "We may find a place for you."

"Flying?" faltered the Englishman, feeling slightly sick. He had never expected that the Huns would ask him to drop bombs on his own country.

"Ach, nein," laughed the colonel. "We do not need you for operations, my friend." He laughed again, much tickled by the thought. Then his mood changed as suddenly. "Look here, Englander," he barked; "if my advice was listened to, you would be in a prison cell. I spit on traitors." He made a visible effort to calm himself. "However, you have offered to serve the Reich and I must find a way. Now give me your attention, please."

The details had been thoroughly worked out, and the English renegade could not help admiring the simplicity of the plan. Trust a Hun to think below the belt! Some British R.A.F. officers, shot down over enemy territory, were being sent to a prison camp in the Abruzzi. It was only a temporary arrange-



HE had fumbled a proposal and would never forget how wistful and bewildered she looked

The Dark

*Men There Is Sometimes
Of Decency*

By

Stanley Jackson

ment because things were going badly in Italy and soon all Allied prisoners of war might have to be moved to the Reich.

"These men will talk among themselves," said the colonel, pacing to and fro with his hands clasped behind him. "A good pair of ears would be valuable. All flying-men chatter about their work. They will discuss new aircraft and where their squadrons are based. You will report this to us. As an English ex-officer speaking their language, you will have no trouble in passing as one of them. A uniform will be provided." He bit off the end of a cigar without offering the other a smoke. "Maybe we will also provide you with a few decorations," he added with a gritty smile.

"I was once entitled to wear the D.F.C.," said the Englishman stiffly. He looked about him uneasily. "You forget, Colonel, that I may be recognised by some of the prisoners."

The German shrugged. "That is the fortune of war," he said indifferently. "If they know you, you will know them and leave the camp at once. However, there are many thousands of British airmen and we must take the risk."

It was a dirty job, but one which offered a change from that miserable Bremen radio station. At least it would be good to hear English voices again and yarn about the old days of the

HE was marched off to the train, and one or two Italian women shook their fists at him and shouted insults



Battle of Britain, even if you were double-crossing your companions. It would only be for a month or so, anyhow. . . .

"You will leave on the express to-night." The cold, flat voice was ticking off the words with a pendulum monotony. "At Chiasso, on the Italian frontier, you will be taken off the train for passport examination. An R.A.F. uniform will be provided. Your measurements have been sent on in advance." Again, the Englishman marvelled at the Hun's way of arranging things; maybe they won battles but lost wars because they blue-printed too much and didn't gamble enough.

"You will go to the village of Debroni under military escort," clicked the pendulum. "A set of papers will be provided with the uniform. You will assume the name and identity of a pilot who was shot down in a raid over Berlin." He waved his hand through a cloud of cigar smoke. "Do your part, and the Government will show its gratitude." He turned back to his papers without making a move to show the visitor out.

The sun was still shining warmly, but the Englishman walked moodily past the white-coated policeman at the corner. He turned into the doorway of a small hotel just behind the old American Embassy, took his key and went up without waiting for the lift. He switched on the radio, from force of habit, and decided to take a cold shower. The Germans were broadcasting a "Wunsch Konzert" to cheer up

the troops on the Eastern Front. He switched off impatiently and went into the bathroom.

For a while he lay on the sofa in his bathrobe, smoking and thinking. After all, the set-up wasn't so bad. His own country hadn't given him much of a deal. Not for the first time he turned over in his mind all that happened to him since September, 1939. God, it seemed a hundred years ago. . . . Saying good-bye to the chaps in the stockbroker's office. . . . Eating, talking, living R.A.F. for nearly a year. . . . The first solo in a Spit. . . . Wearing your wings in a West End restaurant for the first time, and the way girls had smiled at him. . . . Grand days at the station in Kent, with a million laughs. . . . Then the mad glorious scraps with Mes and Junkers, and the way you laughed when the Hun got caught in your sights and you let him have it in swing time, with the guns spurting murder. And that time you got a bullet that just missed the left lung by a gnat's eyebrow. The hospital in Hertfordshire, with Joan like a crisp angel in white, and the first kiss after an ENSA concert. . . .

Joan. He thought of her a good deal as the train pounded southward through a cool mountain tunnel. A trim figure in a print dress with a blue ribbon in her hair, chestnut-gold hair, steady blue eyes, and long slim legs in square-toed tan shoes—that was how she had looked on that last evening. He had fumbled a proposal and would never forget how wistful and bewildered she (Continued on page 66)



THE guard beside the driver wheeled round with a curs. Denham fired at him but missed. The Italian shot him before Drummond's hands closed over his throat



One of the fountains in front of the Basilica of St. Peter, the largest church in the world

its own stamps, which are much in demand as souvenirs, and it has its own coinage.

From 1870, the year of the unification of Italy, to May 1929, the Pope was only a guest in his own household and a voluntary prisoner who never left the Vatican. The latter was the property of the Italian Government which merely granted the use of it. By the Lateran treaty all this was changed. The Pope was given absolute power and sovereign jurisdiction over the newly created state of Vatican City. The Italian Government cannot intervene in any way in its affairs. As compensation for the losses inflicted upon the church in 1870 the Vatican received about £18,000,000 in cash and Italian Government Bonds. It seems a high figure, yet it was a comparatively small payment as an indemnity for the losses the church sustained.

Although Vatican City lies within the city of Rome it is entirely surrounded by a wall except at the entrance to St. Peter's Square. The Basilica of St. Peter, the largest church in the world with its spacious piazza and colonnade, and also the Papal Palace with its



Vatican City

The Inception and Development of the Smallest State in the World

By Harold J. Shepstone

WHEN it was recently announced that the German army had taken over the protection of Vatican City most people were amazed at the audacity of such an idea. Pope Pius XII and the tiny territory over which he rules needed no protection from the Axis or any other power. While the Holy See does take a keen and observant interest in the spiritual and temporal affairs of the world to-day it seeks no material gain, striving only to bring about one thing, peace and goodwill among men.

For many months before the outbreak of the present war and on many occasions since, Vatican City has figured in the news, but it has always had one aim—a desire to find a peaceful solution to a disturbing problem. Though we have thus been hearing a lot about Vatican City, the Pope and his broadcasts, and how President Roosevelt and others have sent personal envoys to the Holy See, little has been said about the state itself, its inception and remarkable development.

It can claim to be the smallest sovereign state in the world. It is only some 108 acres in extent, no longer than a generous eighteen-hole golf course. You can walk the whole length of it in eight minutes, but it would take a lifetime to inspect all its treasures of art and learning. Though so small it has its own police force as well as a small army. There is a railway station, a powerful radio plant, law courts and a jail, post office, newspaper plant, motor garages (the Pope's car bears the licence plate "Vatican City 1"), shops and various industries. It issues



The Governor's Palace, Vatican City. It also houses distinguished guests to the Vatican State

On left: Vatican City has its own post office and issues its own stamps. Here, tourists are buying stamps which are treasured as souvenirs. The portrait on the wall is that of Pope Pius XI

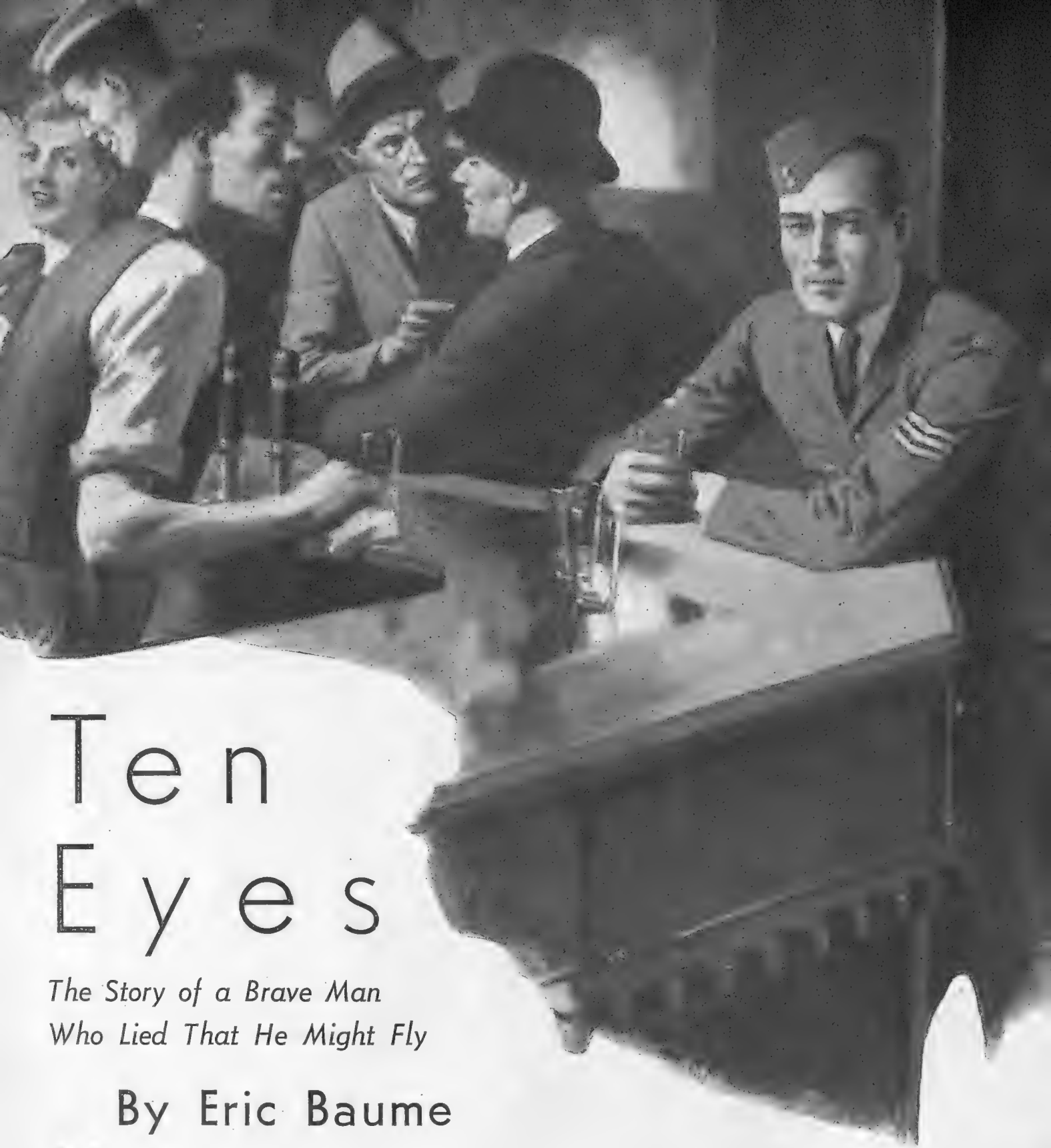
thousand rooms, is included within the area of the state. The main entrance to the city state is by the Santa Anna's Gate, a little way to the north of St. Peter's Square. Before the war it was easy to get into Vatican City. Arriving at the gate you were given a special permit and a kindly welcome from one of the Swiss Guards. No passport was required and there were no custom or immigration officers to (Continued on page 62)



Making mosaic miniature pictures is one of Vatican City's foremost industries. Even small models require many years of painstaking and patient labour



Vatican City possesses one of the most powerful broadcasting stations in the world. Over this radio the Pope made his first broadcast on February 12th, 1931



Ten Eyes

*The Story of a Brave Man
Who Lied That He Might Fly*

By Eric Baume

HE was thirty-eight, but his papers said thirty. The sheath of Queensland bronze, which held his face and pigmented most of his skull under his sparse hair, lied equally with his eager patriotism—a noble lie, an easy lie, a lie which must have baffled any oomph ach hupp Air Force medical board which might have detected the extreme edge of an ageing kidney, or the base of an inveterate smoker's Bronchiectasis.

But, as he said, when you've ridden George, who was once a brumby, over the jumps at the Brisbane Show, and your stomach muscles look like your young brother's under the shower in the Sacred Heart gymnasium, what's a year? Or two years? "Yes," whispered the devil, "or ten years? After all, human, you're not trying to be a fighter boy, are you?" "Oh, no," he said to the devil, "only a bomber pilot, sir. And the tenso muscles, sir, are those you get when your knees grip your horse, and you ride a boundary, and trot as part of the horse." "Who's examining you?" asked the devil, "me or you?"

And then they both laughed and the Queenslander's unwavering light blue eye watched the medical board sign so easily the lousy lie. It was too easy.

When he went to train at Narromine, in New South Wales, they called him Baldy. Father Monaghan, who had worked a pedal wireless set out in the Thargomindah country, which, before aeroplanes could have been called the never-never, often gave him communion, and on occasions played poker with him. Father Monaghan, who had played Lock for St. Ignatius, and had an uncanny ability to fill twos and threes into a Full Hand at inopportune moments for R.A.A.F. finances, looked at him twice in four months as though about to ask a question. But it was never asked.

Wings appeared on his tunic, as more hair vanished from his head. That's striking a balance, he thought. What the hell!

In England a tired young wing commander signed him in, with the noble fatigue of 1939 bombers to whom a Lancaster had been a dream, and a Halifax a hallucination. The wing



HE used to drink at Mooney's Irish House. "It's good to see you older fellows," the bartender said. "The youngsters shure have got to be looked after on the ground"

commander looked at the given age, winked first out of a bloodshot eye, for his losses that week had robbed him of his squadron's strength and his friends. After the wink he had said: "When you start to feel self-conscious, come and tell me, like a good fellow, old boy. Otherwise, jolly good show."

"These English," said Baldy to himself. And for no reason he thought of a flock of galahs, grey-pink desert parrots, wheeling around the scant foliage of a desert oak, turning above bright red sand and oily green spinifex, to vanish into the burnished sky by the Northern Territory border at Camooweal.

He used to drink at Mooney's Irish House. The long Catholic bartender, who fought the better for the Faith because he came from Londonderry in the north, gave him a rosary in a little leather case, as well as several scapulars, and one drink on the house in three.

"It's good to see you older fellows," he said. "The youngsters shure have got to be looked after on the ground."

"Ground?" said Baldy, half aloud.

Suddenly he felt a tickling at the back of his neck. It was as though young Tim Pearce, back at school, was focusing a burning glass on him, as they used to do in 1913, when he was eight. He had learnt then to turn just in time, before the down on the back of his neck began to singe. He turned quickly to meet the cool glance of two Canadian airmen. They spoke a little from the side of their mouths.

"Hyah, Aussie?"

He looked at them quizzically. "I'm O.K."

"Sure you are. Let's have a drink," said the Canadians.

They drank.

Twice on operations within the next three months he felt the same rustle on the small hairs by the nape of his neck. There was a co-pilot with him. It seemed that the navigator was looking at him, and further back the waist-gunner, and further back still the tail-gunner. He got the impression that their eyes were fastened on him. His age swept up and enveloped him, as he steadied the ship out of an air-pocket. They don't have to look at me, he thought, I won't let them down.

And then at night he began to think that they were all looking

Illustrations by E. Osmond

at him. In the mess he began to hold short and unnecessary conversations with all his crew.

Over Cape Gris Nez once he felt a new sensation. It was a finger tap on his back, near the small, and this time a soft auger bore painlessly into his being. Had he been flying on George he would have scratched his back as a man does, arm bent behind his head, fingers in a soothing tattoo, cajoling nerve ends to rhythmic peace again. But there was flak, and he was weaving. Beads of perspiration ran in parallels along his bald head. As he brought the ship up a quick thousand and banked deeply to port he sighed once. Behind him and below him a too-eager yellownose growled as it slid elsewhere. Fields below, patterned in brown chequerboard, reared at him as he careened westward to the Atlantic. The motors breathed but did not cough. The sun shone.

He relaxed. He was young again, and no one was looking at him.

Due west of the Lizard there were two more taps, this time at the nape of his neck. He grimaced as he threw back his head, and the fingering ceased. He spoke on the intercom to Blue Forsyth, his tail-gunner from Goondiwindi.

"Anything doing?" he asked.

"Not a damn thing since you tried to do us in over Gris Nez," said the Queenslander. "Fair go, Baldy." The tail-gunner laughed. He was nineteen.

The pilot called the navigator. "Course O.K.?"

"Yairs," said the navigator, Jack Kerwin from Western Australia. The rest of the crew, not being spoken to, said nothing.

He patrolled his regulation hours without more incident than a swoop down upon an Eire freighter bringing wine to Dublin from Portugal, which Dublin would not release to thirsty England.

A Sunderland flying-boat signalled him near Penzance. He knew the skipper, Jack Leslie from Charters Towers. Good pilot, Jack, he thought. I wonder if he's twenty-four yet?

And then the cold came over him again, and for every one of the years about which he had lied he saw the face of a member of the crew—five faces, ten eyes. Faces calm, unquestioning, but plaintive and trusting, the eyes staring into him so that he knew every idiosyncrasy of their irises and the lashes and the shape of the sockets. And he was afraid.

FROM now on it became worse. On the new ship they gave him at his next posting he had no co-pilot. It seemed that every one sat behind him—radio operator, waist-gunner, tail-gunner, engineer—and there was not a moment when, as he looked ahead and the controls were part of him, their eyes did not bore into his back, silently, accusing him of the years which, when the time came, would make impossible the split-second movement which could postpone—for thus his grim thoughts went—their blotting out.

On the station the new wing commander spoke to group. "He's a good pilot. The Australians are always good pilots. They get their gongs as easily as they get their blacks. But I think he's had enough. Doc Witherspoon was looking at him on my instruction in the anteroom, without letting him know. The moment the doc's eyes lit on him he swung round as though he'd been touched by a whiplash. The doc says he's damn nearly forty. Why not put him in a staff job? Someone's got to shred the bump."

At nights now he used to wake, thinking he heard a lyre-bird or a dingo's cry from some hillock or gully, and around his room eyes looked at him softly, moistly even in their accusation.

On the last patrol before he was to be transferred, without his knowledge, two long-range German fighters swung down at him off the coast of Portugal. He sighed with relief as he saw them, for the ten eyes had been harassing him since the take-off, and there was an unaccustomed taste of salt in his mouth, which he was not to know was from the tear ducts.

The tail-gunner yelled on the intercom for instructions.

"Go for your life," said the pilot.

The tail-gunner pressed the tits with the abandon of a Sydney-sider watching Hammond about to be extinguished by a fast yorke. One of the Germans bought it. The other, climbing terrifically, swept down by the weaving bomber, and his burst ploughed into the pilot with the grace and poise of a gleaming scythe.

The starboard engine exploded into fragmentary flame. Oil splattered the pilot, already numbing, to mix with his blood on his flying suit. He spoke briefly, as slivers of flame began to creep like little men from the engine cowling, slowly, but they would have momentum, towards the cockpit.

"Stop looking at me, you swines," he said. "I'll get you there. What d'you think I am?" He coughed, and coughed and

there was red foam as he coughed. He swallowed hard, for he had no pain. "What do you think I am—an old swag-gie? I've got no white beard."

The radio operator answered him. "Listen," he said, "I wouldn't want to have a better damn pilot even if you do come from Queensland."

One by one the rest of the crew cheered him, as his fingers, hands whitening, merged with the controls in his fight for his crew's lives. The waist-gunner was able to crawl with a rope on him so that he could use the fire extinguisher to stop the flames from reaching into the cockpit.

The pilot kept on speaking as it became harder for him to see. The navigator told him it would take another hour. He thought he could hold on. "I'm glad I bought it," he said. "I'm thirty-eight. You shouldn't fly with other men in your crate when you're thirty-eight, but I wanted to get away."

The ten eyes regarded him with a warmth of affection which women dream about but only men possess. "You're doing the marking," said the tail-gunner.

The pilot stopped in the middle of a sentence and his head slumped forward. He

raised it again slowly. "It's all right," he said, "you can keep on looking. I'll get you there. But I'll never take you up again."

"Yeller, eh?" said the radio operator. "I don't know any other bloke who could keep her balanced on one engine with a bunch of bullets in his guts."

"Ten eyes," said the pilot. "At least I can turn round and look at you instead of you looking at me, when I get you down."

He landed them as though he had been training, and the ambu-

lance reached him before the fire burst.

At the little Requiem Mass for him Father Pearse came down from London. The posthumous D.F.C. referred to him as Patrick Joseph Minogue, but when they drank to him in the mess the bomber's crew referred to Old Ten Eyes. He had no right to lie, for only the Devil says that old men are fit to pilot British bombers. Only his mother thought, months afterwards, with the silver of his decoration before her, that he was still too young.

END

THE starboard engine exploded into fragmentary flame. Oil splattered the pilot, already numbing, to mix with his blood on his flying suit



There is nothing like trying, thought I to myself as I said to the chemist: "Have you any Mascara?" He had, and, moreover, it was a well-known and trusted make, price 10½d. and 2s. 6d. in black and brown. The container is a flat cardboard envelope, and owing to wartime conditions there is no brush, but who cares about that? The firm which makes this mascara is famous for its lipsticks, and the chemist showed me the whole range—ten shades, no less, in small but elegant metal cases, price 4s. 1½d., refills 2s. 6d., and rouge in three matching shades, and powder. Then he produced a well-known make of Brilliantine for men or women, 4s. 4½d. for a fair-sized bottle, and an Emulsified Shampoo made by the same people; and last but not least, the best-known Deodorant Cream which in America is nearly as popular with men as it is with women.

"Ah, yes," I remarked sadly, "I know the snag. Here to-day and gone to-morrow."

"Not at all," he said with assurance. "These things come in to me every month, and a good stock at that."

On Duty and Off

THERE is no reason why you should develop crow's-feet and a lined face simply because you no longer have the time for beauty-parlour treatments. Here is an eye treatment which you can give yourself when you get off duty. All you require is a basin of hot water, a wooden kitchen spoon, a few drops of ordinary castor oil, and two pads of cotton wool. Dip the wooden spoon in the hot water and hold it over your eye. When you have done this half-a-dozen times, smear the lids and the crow's-feet and the lines under the eye with a few drops of castor oil, and then treat around the other eye. Leave the oil on for twenty minutes or so, pat with dry cotton wool, then take two pads of cotton wool, wring them out in cold water, and place one over each eye. Leave on for five minutes, and you will have had as adequate an eye treatment as you will get in any beauty parlour.

For nose-to-mouth lines, take the back of the wooden spoon and use it as a patten to pat in your ordinary face cream. Your own knuckles can be used to give you the most efficient of all neck treatments. There is a new "lemon" cream on the market which is excellent as a neck cream. Begin the treatment by wringing out a small hand towel in very hot water and wrapping it round your neck. Do this two or three times, then smear on the lemon cream and give yourself the knuckle massage, which is done as follows: Close your hands loosely to form fists. Place the second joint of the knuckles at the base of the throat on either side. Moving each bent finger separately, walk the knuckles up the throat to the chin—knead there a moment and continue along the jaw-bone to the lobe of the ear. This time place the knuckles on the chin where the muscles droop. Work deeply, and proceed up the expression line that extends from the mouth to the corner of the nose. Knead across the face under the cheek-bone to the ear, and up to the temples. Pause—then work across the forehead to the frowning lines. This time start at the temples, work under the eyes towards the bridge of the nose. Be very gentle. Continue over the eyes, under the brows, making a complete circle.

Here is a queuing-up exercise which will improve your figure while you are waiting in the queue for your rations. Stand up straight instead of slumping,

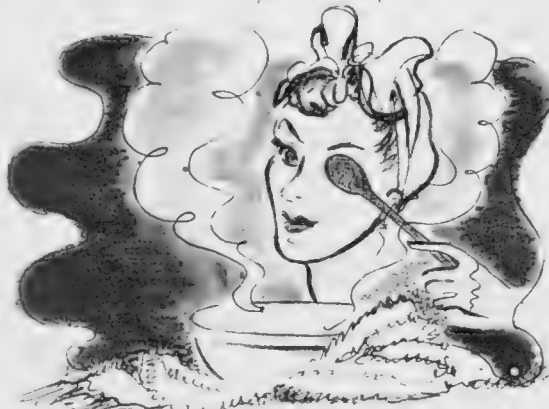
AS an age-group, most women find the forties tiresome enough in all conscience. But what with four years of war and Mr. Bevin, the average woman between the ages of forty and fifty is having a hard struggle not to lose her health, her figure, her temper, and the remnants of any good looks she may have had. I heard two women talking at work the other day. One remarked cheerfully:

"I am forty-one and I know I'm no beauty, but I don't wish to find myself an old hag at the end of the war." She added that it was not until she went on a ten days' holiday that she realised how her figure had slipped. "When I put on my costume I discovered that I had a bowler-hat tummy, and my spine had turned itself into a letter S."

The other woman was in the late forties, and she complained that she had lost weight in all the wrong places. She did not know whether she looked worse when her clothes were altered to fit her, or when they hung in festoons which she hoped would disguise the lines of her figure.

At home I found a desperately unhappy letter waiting for me from a reader. She says she is forty-six, and until two years ago had managed to keep her looks, but now she looks sixty. She works for eight hours a day, does all her own housework, and, of course, has to stand in queues for her rations. Before the war she had beauty treatments and used the best preparations. "The women of my age who work with me are all tired out, overworked, worried to death, and very often snappy and overwrought." She ends up by saying: "I want to ask you one question, and please, please tell me the truth: can I at my age regain my looks after the war, or will it be too late?"

We might just as well face facts, and the truth of the matter is this, that we are all four years older than we were in 1939, and that the longer the war goes on, the harder life becomes. The psychological effects of war on a woman are much more damaging to her good looks than the shortage of cosmetics. It is not likely that I can be of much use to you psychologically, but there are some ways in which I may be able to help. I know several addresses where you can get good face creams of various kinds, from the cold cream to the skin-food variety; face powders, cream and powder rouge, and lipsticks of good quality. Don't be discouraged if you cannot get these things locally. Even in London you find that a shop in Oxford (Con. on p. 60)



An eye treatment you can give yourself when off duty



Your own knuckles can be used to give you the most efficient of all neck treatments



We might just as well face facts—that we are all four years older than we were in 1939



The PROFESSIONAL TOUCH

Fitting the Pattern

Fitting the pattern to your figure before you begin to cut the material is an important part of the operation. Lay out each piece and study it carefully to see which pieces go together.

If the pattern is made of flimsy paper, lay each piece on to some heavier paper—thin brown paper will do—trace around it with chalk and cut it out again.

Individual figures vary in regard to bodice and sleeve lengths as well as elsewhere, so when you have pinned the pieces of the pattern together, fit it carefully on the figure, and make the necessary adjustments where they are required.

The illustration shows, for instance, how to shorten a sleeve pattern. This is done by taking a pleat in the paper just above and below the elbow, taking up half the necessary amount of shortening in each pleat.

To shorten a bodice pattern, make two similar pleats, one just above the waist-line and one below the bust.



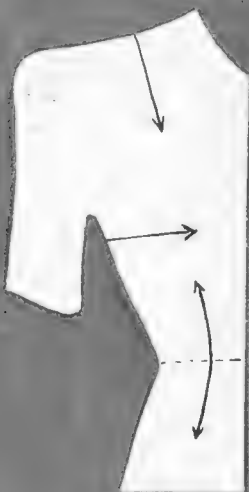
Fitting the Garment

The success of the garment depends upon the most careful and patient fitting.

Tack the pieces of material together while they are laid flat on a table. This prevents stretching and wrinkling.

Tack the bodice piece together first, then tack the front and back pieces of the skirt, starting from the waist and progressing downwards. If the skirt is a flared or a circular one, hang it up for a few hours after tacking together. This allows the crossway material to stretch by its own weight before you begin to sew it.

Fit the bodice first before you attempt to attach it to the skirt. The line of the bodice depends on the exact arrangement of the shoulder darts and the bust darts, which are shown in the illustration to the left. If the bodice drags at the shoulders or does not set perfectly across the breast, adjust these darts until it does.



Setting in Sleeves

A good shoulder-line and a snugly fitted sleeve are outstanding features of a good dress. Tack up sleeve seams and the darts at the top of the sleeve, having first fitted these very carefully. When you are certain that the darts are correctly set, machine the seams and darts and prepare to set the sleeve into the armhole of the dress.

Turn the frock inside out, put the sleeve through the armhole, match the sleeve seam to the underarm seam, and tack the two raw edges together all around the armhole.

Fit the dress on again before machining. When the sleeve is sewn in, surplus fullness can be shrunk away with a hot iron used over a damp cloth.

If the sleeve is gathered at the top and not darted, space the gathers evenly on either side of the shoulder seam.



TO be your own dressmaker was always a good thing. In these days of expensive and elusive clothes it is even better.

Any woman of average common sense can learn to make her own clothes, but that subtle, professional touch which is so enviable has to be acquired by practice and the patient study of the little technical touches which make the distinction between the expert and the amateur.

For the beginner, the essential thing is to work methodically with a thoroughly reliable pattern, studying every move before it is taken. Once you have cut your material and cut it wrongly, you are defeated. Never cut anything until you are sure that what you are doing is right.

Good materials are an investment always. Good work looks twice as good on fine material as on the cheaper varieties, which are inclined to stretch out of shape and increase your difficulties.

Tools are important. A good workman does not begrudge himself good tools. They add to your expenses at the start, but they simplify workmanship and improve your chances of success by an incalculable degree.

Good sharp shears, a tracing wheel, some chalk and a heavy iron for pressing are indispensable. Professionals do their fitting on a dressmaker's stand, and if it is possible to obtain one you are well advised to do so. New ones are rather scarce, but there are still some to be found in the second-hand dealers, and if you don't happen to find one your own size it can be padded to fit.

Repeated fitting is indispensable to good dressmaking. Nobody but a contortionist can successfully fit herself with a garment, and to rely on another amateur to do it is almost as bad.

Zip Fasteners

Zip fasteners should be set in very neatly and rigidly and with as much strength as possible. Turn the garment inside out. Tack the faced opening on to the tapes attached to the fastener. Run the zip up and down to make sure that you have got it in straight, and machine along the tacking.



Materials Required

Woolens are made in widths of 48 to 54 inches.

Silks are 36 inches wide. A few are 30 inches, but not many.

DRESS. In 36-inch material, use twice the length from shoulder to hem, plus the length of the sleeves. This is for a plain style without pleating. Allow also for hems and seams.

In 54-inch material, use one and a half the length from shoulder to hem, plus the sleeve lengths.

BLOUSE. 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

SKIRT. Shaped style, 2½ yards of 48-inch. 1½ yards of 54 inch.

Straight style, 2 yards of 48 inch, 1½ yards of 54 inch.

COAT AND SKIRT. 4 yards of 54-inch material.



So a dressmaker's stand is an acquisition you won't regret.

When you get it, take your measurements accurately and pad out the stand with cotton wool to comply with them. Make circles of cotton wool stitched between some odd pieces of fabric to fill out the breasts to your exact size.

Take plenty of time, and plenty of space for working it. If you haven't got a really big table for cutting out, do it on the floor.

Study your pattern patiently before you begin work. Mark all pieces which have to be cut double and other pieces which have to be laid to a fold.

It is advisable to allow more on the turnings than the pattern allows. This is because we all vary in shape, and it is common to be a little larger on one side than on another, or to be a little higher on one side than another. If you have allowed the extra on the seams, these adjustments can be arranged when you fit the garment.

Never trim off necks or armholes until the last fitting. It is so fatally easy to trim off too much.

If skirt seams wrinkle or hang badly at the fitting; unrip the side seams from the hem upwards and let the material fall naturally before attaching the seam again.

Skirts should fit neatly at the waist, but rather more loosely around the hips. Bodices must be fitted so that the grain of the material is straight round the bust-line. The same applies around the hips. If a skirt sags either at the front, back or sides, it is probable that the grain of the material at the top is not straight.

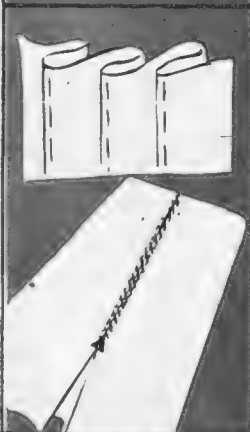
Fit skirts twice, first when seams and darts are tacked, and again when the seams and packets are worked and the skirt tacked on to its petersham.



Unpicking

The quickest and best way to unpick seams is to use a razor-blade. Hold the two sides of the machined seam apart with the fingers of the left hand and nick the stitches with the razor-blade.

Press each separate piece of the garment with a damp cloth and a hot iron to restore the shape and to shrink the material.



Pleats

These must be neat and contain a sufficiency of material.

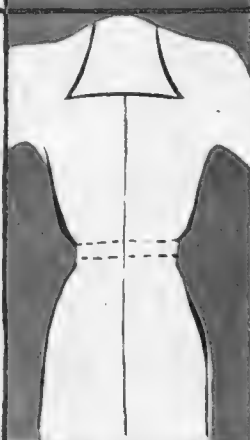
The illustration shows how knife-pleats are set. These will stay permanently in place if they are neatly machine-stitched along the edges.

Inverted pleats are machined down each side with a neat arrow-head at the lower end.



Finish

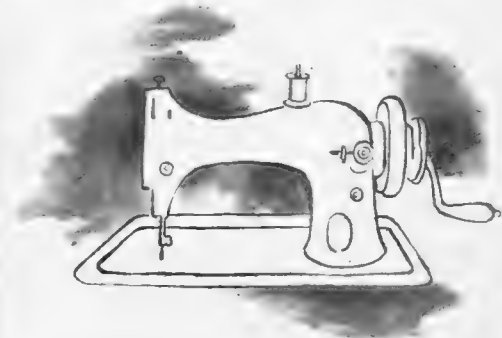
Do not be tempted to scamp the finish of your garment. Neat plackets, tailored front openings, neatening of seams and facings are important. The picture shows how a thick dart in woollen material can be flattened and neatened by cutting it down the centre fold after it is stitched and pressing it out flat.



Waists

A slight waist-line in a one-piece dress can be indicated by tacking a tape lightly on to the inside where the waist-line falls.

If the material is of a heavier quality, substitute a petersham for the tape, attaching it to the inside of the dress with invisible stitches. This gives a slightly bloused effect and benefits the hang.



GOOD workmanship depends to a great extent upon good tools. Your sewing-machine is a valuable asset in these times and deserves constant care to ensure that you have the best service from it.

Many repairs and overhauls should be done at home now that the experts are so over-burdened, and the best way to avoid the kind of serious breakdown that cannot be handled at home is to give the machine constant care and thus stave off any serious trouble.

Keep your machine clean. This will do more than you think to keep the working parts in good order. Never leave it uncovered when it is not in use, and dust the outside of it regularly so that particles of dirt do not get down into the mechanism, where they mix with the oil and combine with it to jam the parts.

Oil frequently, putting the nozzle of the oil-can into the little holes which are provided for the purposes. Don't swamp it with oil; use it sparingly and often, and wipe away all the surplus before you use it again.

After oiling, run the machine over a piece of old material for a minute to run in the oil before you begin serious work.

Never continue to work with a blunted needle. Don't put one coloured cotton over another on the bobbin, otherwise the winding will be uneven, which puts an unnecessary strain on the parts.

If you are working over a heavy thickness of material, do not force the material through.

However well your sewing-machine serves you—and a well-cared-for machine will go on for years without giving trouble—always bear in mind that you have a delicate and complicated piece of machinery and that it needs cossetting.

If you don't give it these small regular attentions, and if you let the children play with it, you can only expect one result—breakdown.



Hems

Use a ruler to measure the distance from the floor to the hem. Hems for a woollen dress are made by turning up the edge evenly and laying a piece of binding over the raw edges, attaching it with invisible stitches. Silks can be invisibly hemmed or bound.

GLAMOUR NOTES



Sequins on net, a poised bird



An everyday snood prettied up with silk and velvet flowers



Flamboyant striped



Embroidery on the backs of dark fabric gloves



Vivid patchwork on inner sleeves



bows slotting at neck and wrists

DRESS:

By
Jean
Burnup

Editor
Women's
Department

Fanciful, all-over embroidery for a bright jerkin



Stripes . . . Blue, Green, and Bottle-Green Combine in a Pleasing, All-Purpose Woolly

MATERIALS

5 oz. Lister's Lavenda, 3-ply, in bottle-green; 5 oz. Lister's Lavenda, 3-ply, in turquoise; 7 buttons; No. 10 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 in.; sleeve seam, 18 in.; length, 20 in.

TENSION

7 st. and 10 rows to 1 in.

WARNING

Break wools when changing colours, as pulling up side makes edge tight.

THE BACK

Cast on at under-arm seam with 27 st. in turquoise (in future called T.)

1st row.—(T) K. 2nd row.—(T) P. 3rd row.—Cast on 5 st. in bottle (in future called B) k. 4th row.—(B) P. twice into first st., p. to end. 5th row.—Cast on 5 st. in T, k. 6th row.—(T) P. twice into first st., p. to end. 7th row.—Cast on 5 st. in B and k. 8th row.—(B) P. twice into first st., p. to end.

Repeat 5th to 8th rows until there are 10 groups of 5 st. and 87 st. Now cast on 18 st. at right side and 10 st. at left, and continue stripes until there are 15 in. from casting on 18 st. Now cast off 18 st. and 10 st. at same edge as you cast them on; then cast off 5 st. in place of those cast on, and decrease at same edge as you increased for armhole until there are 27 st. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 115 st. Work 8½ in. in stripes. Now decrease as in last half of back. (Continued on p. 62)

Sequins . . . Massed on Collar and Revers. Shimmering accent to fine Black Wool.

MATERIALS

4 oz. Paton's Beehive Fingering, 2-ply; No. 10 needles; 10 button moulds; sequins.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 in.; length, 21 in.; sleeve seam, 13 in. (with cuff).

TENSION

(In the rib) 7½ st. and 11 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 100 st. Work one row all k. Now start pattern as follows: 1st row.—*K. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p. 2. Repeat from * to end, ending p. 2. 2nd row.—*K. 2, p. 3, repeat from * to end. 3rd row.—*K. 3, p. 2, repeat from * to end. 4th row.—As 2nd.

When there are 4 in. worked, m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 130 st. Work straight until side seams measure 14 in. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 90 st. Change to stocking st. with k. side to slipped st. side of rib and work straight until armholes are 8 in. round curve. Cast off 7 st. at beg. of every row 8 times, leaving 34 st.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 60 st. and work as front for 4 in. Now m. 1 st. at right edge of work on every 4th row until there are 75 st. Work straight until side seams are 14 in. K. 2 tog. at shaped edge on every row until there are 20 decreases made and 55 st. Change to stocking st. and m. 1 st. at neck edge on every 4th row until armholes are 6 in. round curve. Cast off 20 st. K. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 28 st. Armhole should now be about 8 in. round curve. Cast off 7 st. at outside edge on every other row 4 times.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on and work as left for 4 rows of pattern. Now work a buttonhole as follows:— (Continued on p. 62)

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; m. = make; s. = slip; st. = stitch or stitches; tog. = together; beg. = beginning.





The Right Approach to Winter

Health and Beauty

By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

START now to condition yourself to the cold weather. It will make you more youthful if you can zip up your circulation—because, undeniably, youth with its vigorous circulation feels the cold less—and you will by-pass many of the little ailments and discomforts of the cold months.

Exercise is the first and most important of all circulation treatments. Start now to do general toning exercises—to exercise as soon as you get out of bed.

The fact that so many of us are not winter-exercisers is proved by the disastrous effect winter has on most figures. So many women become bulging and plumper during the winter months, and it is entirely unnecessary.

You must do your exercise with a zest. You must walk quickly if you walk. Indeed, whatever you do, do it with energy, even if it is only for a few minutes. Quick exercise is a tonic for the circulation; slow exercise is a strain.

One of the other reasons for putting on weight in winter is the mistaken idea that heavy, stodgy foods are warming. Unnecessary starches and sugars, by adding to the toxin content of the blood, do untold damage to the circulation.

If you are strong-minded, you can do your body a great service by keeping to one raw-vegetable salad each day. Start with soup, if you must, and then have a good plateful of grated, chopped and sliced vegetables. There are always some obtainable. This will keep your blood in excellent condition, and will lessen any likelihood to chilblains and shivers.

No one can be denied a good suet pudding or its wartime substitute now and then, but don't make a habit of it. Also, please don't forget to drink some water each day, for the cleansing of the body and, hence, the unclogging of the blood-stream.

Clothes are another circulation bugbear. Many people think that by covering themselves in completely air-proof woollies they can combat the temperature. You must have warm clothes; you must have very warm clothes if you are going out into vile weather; but let your skin breathe. Let your limbs have free action.

Spartan souls can take a cold rub-down throughout the winter—starting now. A cold-water-dipped towel rubbed with a good friction action over limbs and body will bring your circulation pulsing.

In fact, all these activities for keeping the circulation active must be started immediately, and kept up.

Welcome winter with mental zest and physical energy, wear fewer clothes when you are really active, and be active often. Next spring you will be wondering what became of the cold spell.

Your Second Chin

Exercise, patting and massage will help to break down a second chin.

Patting: Use the back of your fingers and slap upwards and outwards with hands alternating. Slap with a pad of cotton wool wet with cold water or skin tonic.

Massage: Take your chin between the first and second fingers of your hand with the second finger beneath actually massaging the second chin. Start with the right hand on the left side of your chin and bring it firmly and slowly up to the bottom of your right ear. Repeat with the left hand.

1.—With hands holding shoulders back, let the head fall forward, to loosen muscles of the neck.

2.—Stretch the neck, letting the head fall back as far as possible. Repeat the stretch five times. As the head goes back, the chin should be thrust forward until the muscle pull is plainly felt.

3.—Alternate this up and down stretch with a rotary roll of the head.

4.—Turn your head slowly to the right until your chin is over your right shoulder. Bend head slowly in nodding movement, backwards and forwards pulling at the muscles each time. Repeat to left. Alternate several times.

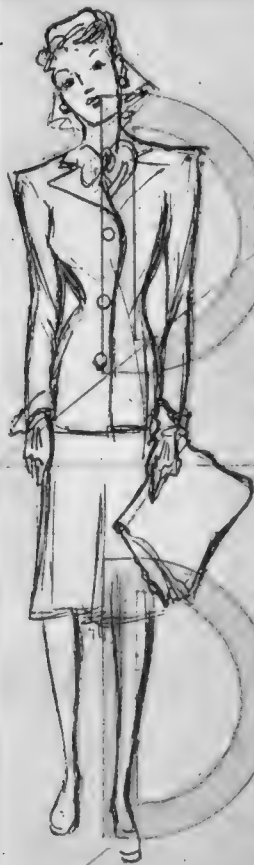


Evelyn Keyes, Columbia star, illustrates exercises



Personal Points for

GLAMOUR



D-A Y T I M E

Start the morning with a long bath session. Stretch yourself well, step into the bath, scrub your feet. Massage each toe, working the soap in thoroughly. Continue this massage treatment, always massaging upwards to the heart, until you are tingling. Use the brush on your body if you can take it.

Then lie and soak. Next, tackle toe- and finger-nails. Work cuticles away with peroxide, using orangestick and cotton wool. Soak again. Go under nail tips, down nail sides. Massage a little cream into your elbows before scrubbing them with this peroxide; dilute it and scrub your neck with it. Now get out of your bath and friction-rub your body with a small rough towel, wetted with cold water.

Brush your teeth with a brew made just like tea, only with sage leaves instead of tea. Used when cool, this is very whitening.

Hair is an individual problem, and you alone will know what type of shampoo makes it look its best, and when you will need to do it, or have it done, for it to look its best. If you haven't time for a shampoo, then brush your hair with firm, even strokes for five minutes at least before attempting to dress it. For sleek shine, cover your brush with an old silk stocking.

Your face needs a discreet make-up during the day. Apply a natural foundation first, then your lipstick, rouge and faint smear of eye-shadow. Powder liberally, wipe or brush off. Re-do lips, working the lipstick in well. Blot your open lips carefully. Mascara your lashes lightly.

E-V E N I N G

Repeat the bathing ritual as for the daytime glamour, and when you have finished, paint finger-nails and toe-nails with vivid varnish. Never mind if you don't show your toes. Knowing they are prettied-up gives poise.

If you haven't time for the bath, get tiny pads of cotton wool, an egg-cup of hot eye-lotion and one of cold. Massage on a mask of milk of magnesia or calamine, if you are inclined to have an acid skin; or a spoonful of fine oatmeal mixed with a drop of warmed milk.

Leaving this mask on your face, lie down and put the pads on your eyes—warm pads first, then the cold. After ten minutes, clean off the mask with cream. Then slap it with cotton wool wrung out in icy, softened water or skin tonic, rise and douse your face in rain- or soft water and bathe your eyes in a lotion. If you haven't time for a bath, you should have an all-over hot, and then cold, friction-rub all over.

Make-up can be more colourful at night, because night-lights subdue colour. With a good foundation, apply your rouge, then your lipstick, eye-shadow, then powder. Mascara more heavily than for the day. Add dab of rouge on chin and ear lobes. Apply another generous application of lipstick, accenting the bottom lip. Blot.

If you want to dramatise your eyes, draw with a soft black pencil, such as artists use, a fine line beneath the lower lid and extend the eye-corners slightly. Strive for shining teeth, hair, eyes—a matt smoothness for your skin. This is the foundation of glamour. The trappings of ear-rings and clothes are up to you.



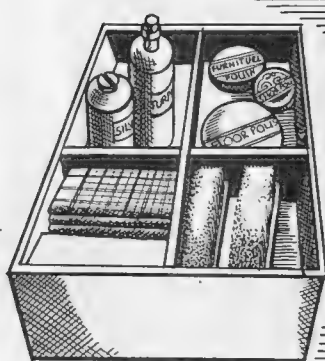
It may be
once a fort-
night, a
month, or a
year . . .
but the time
will come
when you
will sudden-
ly crave
glamour.
Perhaps it
is a special
occasion,
perhaps just
reaction to
utility and
austerity.
Whatever it is
give it rein



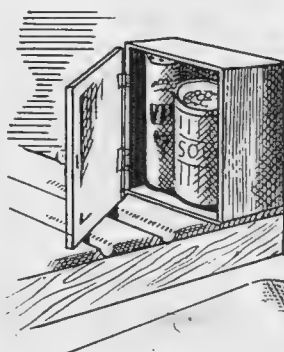
Tidiness is the beginning and the end of all good labour-saving systems in the home and the origin of tranquillity and good temper in the housewife



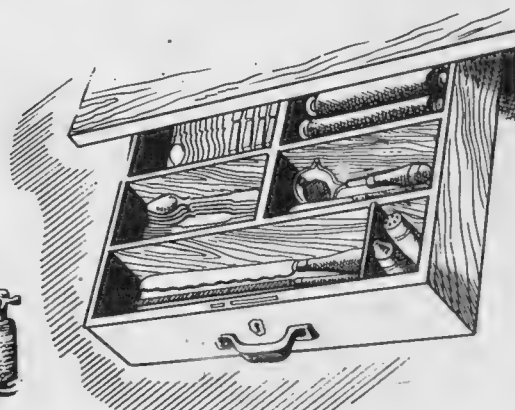
Tidiness among food stores is a great time-saver, especially when cupboard-space is limited. Partitions erected so as to divide each pantry shelf into sections is a good remedy for confusion. In this manner all the different types of food can be segregated into labelled compartments. Bottles in one, dry goods in another, jams and preserves elsewhere. If these sections are kept in order and never allowed to invade each other, any article can be found at a moment's notice



Broom cupboards are frequently dark and just as frequently untidy. Polishes and dusters scramble indiscriminately with brooms and dust-pans, and nothing can be found without a search. A metal office file makes a neat receptacle for polishes and dusters. Wood partitions are made for the box in the same way as for the kitchen drawer and wedged into place. A hanging rack for brooms can be made by cutting small sections from the edges of a cupboard shelf into which the brooms are set head upwards

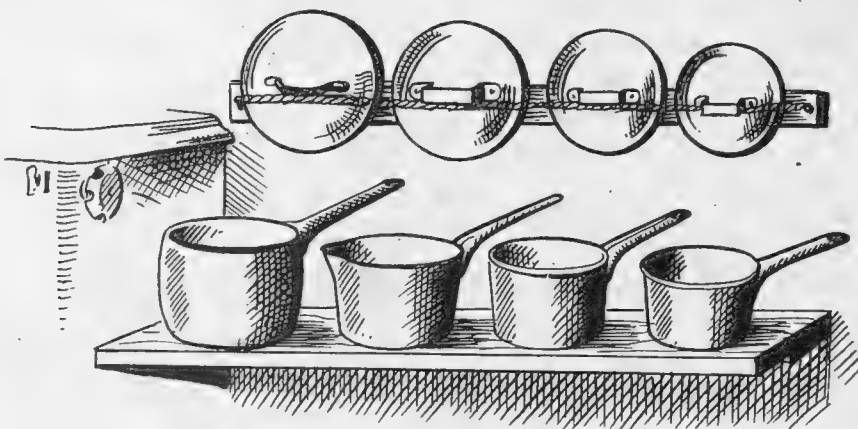


Tidiness round about the sink is a matter of keeping up appearances as much as anything. Soda jars, cleaning-powder cartons, disinfectant bottles and tablets of half-used scrubbing soap are hardly decorative to look at, and a kitchen is much improved if these essential but unsightly objects are kept from view. A small cupboard hung above the draining-board takes them in very happily. An old shaving cabinet can easily be adapted to the task if it is repainted inside and out to ward off encroaching rust

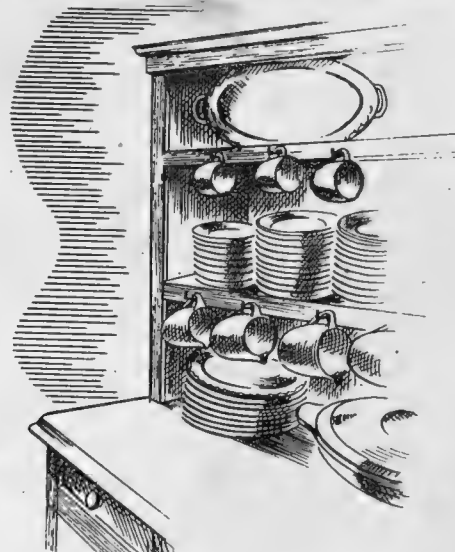


Kitchen drawers are natural glory-holes. A simple solution lies in partitions which can be fitted easily by cutting small slots in the sides of the drawer and fitting strips of thin wood or thick cardboard into them. Cooking utensils and other small items of equipment can be segregated in neat order. Every item can be found at a moment's notice, and pulling the drawer in and out does not throw them into disorder

Putting every item of equipment away in its appointed place immediately after use is a fundamental of tidiness. The important thing is to have a suitable place for everything and to develop the habit, using it until orderliness is no effort. Sauce-pans arranged in order of size on a reachable shelf near the cooker save steps and reduce the congestion which occurs when saucepans in daily use are mixed up with those which are only in occasional commission. Here is a way of disposing of saucepan lids, which rest neatly upon a piece of cord—or expanding wire, if you can get it—tightly drawn between two supporting hooks above the saucepan shelf



The kitchen dresser (below) is very apt to become a household dump on which the family ink pot lives side by side with the best water-jug. It should be possible to remove any item from the dresser without upsetting the rest. This calls for order amongst cups, dishes and plates so that sizes are graded, patterns segregated and everything comes easily to hand



Books:

Reviewed
by
Trevor Allen

Norfolk Life

Lilias Rider Haggard
and
Henry Williamson

AMAZINE AMAZON

ROSE AND BOB BROWN
RICH & COWAN

NO RAIN IN THOSE CLOUDS

David Smith

LAST year Lord Beaverbrook presided at a dinner to his former Parliamentary Secretary, Colonel Llewellyn, who was then Minister of Aircraft Production. All the M.A.P. heads were there. Beaverbrook was handed a typed "programme of speeches." "What," he cried. "Another programme from the Air Ministry? Nonsense, M.A.P. never lives up to its programmes, let's change it."

There was much laughter at the leg-pull, which makes a fitting epilogue to Mr. David Farrer's "The Sky's the Limit" (Hutchinson, 6s.), the story of Beaverbrook's fight as Minister from May, 1940; to May, 1941. He had three months in which to boost up production for the Battle of Britain and save the world. After that came the blitz, and the struggle to provide alternative factories, repair damage, and reorganise the flow of materials. At the price of making

sez to John, I sez: 'Whatever we saw in this nasty mucky ol' place beats me.' These nature notes written for a local paper and in a personal journal—and edited by Mr. Williamson—reveals a sensitive observer and chronicler. What a breath of England they would bring to a man serving overseas!

There is no end to the Amazon's wonders. In "Amazing Amazon" (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.), a vivid account of an 8,000-mile journey by Rose and Bob Brown, publishers of the "Brazilian-American" in Rio, I note these: four-eyed and man-eating fish; a snake with a head like a parrot; porpoises that push drowning swimmers ashore; electric eels that fight jaguars and bring down *assai* palm fruits by giving the tree a

Okeedoke

MR. RICHARD LLEWELLYN'S successor to "How Green Was My Valley"—"None But The Lonely Heart" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.)—is not only about Cockneys; it is written throughout in Cockney idiom. Young Ernie Mott, "a artist very near," wants to achieve Tate Gallery eminence like his father; but his widowed ma runs a furniture shop Kingsland Road way, with shoplifting and receiving as sidelines, and lands in jail. Ernie drifts into bad company, and also gets "jugged" as Smasher Mott, smash-and-grab bandit. He has fallen for a pin table girl in a fun fair, a "proper, right, straight up smasher of a bride" with finger-nails like red beetles. She, however, is already infatuated with a band leader, so the lad gets a pretty raw deal all round, but we are persuaded that everything will be "Okeedoke" for him in the end.

Mr. Llewellyn's grasp of Cockney underworld life amounts almost to genius. His story throbs with drama. The love clinches and language, at times, are of a hue which suggests that he might have called it "How Blue Was My Alley."

enemies as well as friends, he succeeded. Mr. Farrer shows how the Canadian cyclone set about his job and every one who might impede him. A tribute, not without humour, to a man to whom we owe much.

While aircraft thronged the sky the farmer plodded on with his job as provider, and if we would know him at his truest and best we can read Mr. David Smith's "No Rain in Those Clouds" (Dent, 10s. 6d.), the life story of his Essex father, John, from 1862 to date, with pleasing drawings by J. K. Popham. Courting, as well as crops, comes into it, and I like the realism of: "Owd Charlie allus says that when he was courtin', and he and his missus went for a walk, they was allus a-bumpin' into one another. Now he says one walks one side o' the road and one walks t'other, and then the road ain't big enough." Chelmsford is lucky in having neighbours like David and John, who epitomise eighty years of English farming life as pungently as the tang of the soil they till.

Courting affords us a smile, too, in another pageant of farming and country pleasures, "Norfolk Life" (Faber, 8s. 6d.) by Lilias Rider Haggard and Henry Williamson, for in it an old dame decides to take her John for a walk down the bridle-path of lovers' memories. "But, lor bless me," she says, "afore I was thru with the mud an' the nettles an' the briars a'ca'chen at me petticoats, I had a stomachful, I had, and I

shock; a native sorcerer who could make lost objects—even a missing wife—appear by rubbing a jadeite frog stone; an old farmer with seventy children—thirty-one by first wife, twenty-four by second, and fifteen illegitimates—421 descendants in all; a railway, the first five miles of which cost 10,000 lives—one for every cross-tie laid! This is a breathless travel book abounding with colour and excitement.

Even novels are hard put to it to compete with the Amazon for sensation. Miss Kay Boyle's "Primer for Combat" (Faber, 8s. 6d.) portrays life in Haute-Savoie for five months after the fall of France (Continued on page 58)

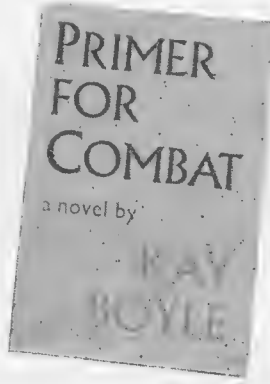
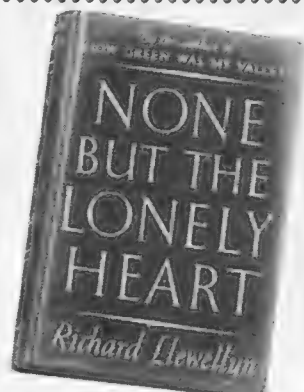
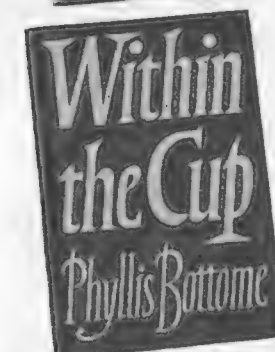
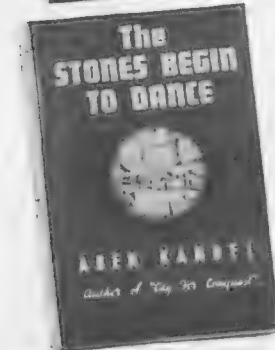
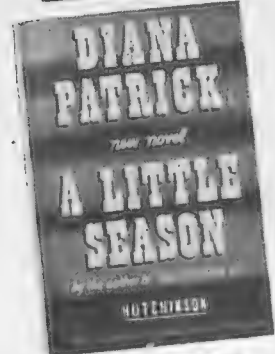
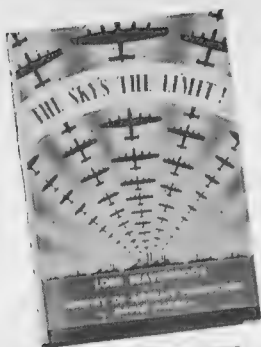
PRIMER FOR COMBAT

a novel by

KAY BOYLE

MARY LUTYENS

SO NEAR TO HEAVEN



Old English Inns

Written and Illustrated by
C. A. Stevenson

OLD English inns, with their great traditions, have reflected countless changes in the social life of the nation. Their long, fascinating story is complexly interwoven with that of the town, the village and the open road. An abiding sense of comfort, peculiar to England's inns, pervades their ancients. For under their roofs man has, at all times, enjoyed freedom and ease: he can be sociable or solitary, grave or gay, as the mood takes him or the occasion directs.

In them, too, is embodied every type of domestic architecture evolved during six hundred years.

During the thirteenth century inns were chiefly confined to the large towns. The few alehouses or taverns, denoted by evergreen bushes on projecting poles, that were scattered along the highways were poor, verminous hovels, possessing common dormitories with rush-strewn floors. In certain districts, guesthouses established by the lords of the manor or the Church accommodated pilgrims, whilst the monasteries bestowed hospitality on other wayfarers.

The fifteenth century, however, saw a pronounced improvement in inn construction and amenity. The wool trade was booming



"The Peacock," Rowsley, Derbyshire: a dignified Elizabethan inn with fine stone-mullioned windows



"The Coach and Horses," Broadway, Worcestershire: an inn built of white stone in traditional Cotswold style



"The Royal Oak," Winsford, Somerset: a thatched village inn in the valley of the Eye



"The Bell," Stilton, Huntingdonshire: a famous early coaching inn on the Great North Road



"The Haycock," Wansford, Northamptonshire: one of the largest coaching inns, built during the seventeenth century

and the rich merchants had need to travel. At this time several stately inns were erected, such as "The Angel" at Grantham, "The George" at Norton St. Philip, The New Inn at Gloucester, and the famous pilgrims' inn, "The George" at Glastonbury, all of which to-day still retain some portion of their original fabric and sundry features characteristic of their ancient glory.

During the Tudor period the standard of inns still further advanced. Travel became increasingly popular; and, although horseback was the principal mode of transport, more wheeled vehicles appeared whilst Queen Elizabeth ruled. But the roads, being mere tracks, were atrociously rough, the oxen-drawn farm wagons and timber sledges worsening their condition, especially in winter. Elizabethan inns, whilst closely resembling the finest medieval inns, having central gateways, with heavily studded oaken doors, opening on to galleried courtyards, were larger and infinitely better equipped. In forest regions, inns of the later Tudor period displayed much ornate timber-work, like "The Feathers" at Ludlow, and "The Falcon" at Chester:

The Commonwealth saw the first coach services established, a form of travel that produced such celebrated inns as "The Bell" at Stilton, "The Haycock" at Wansford, "The Lygon Arms" at Broadway, and "The White Hart" at Scole. But it was between the reigns of Queens Anne and Victoria that the inns had their heyday. Large numbers of wheeled vehicles—stage-coaches, stage-wagons, cabriolets, barouches, gigs and post-chaises—were then on the roads, whose condition remained shockingly bad until after the Turnpike Act of 1755. But jollity and good cheer prevailed in the inns of England. Although, then as now, the (Continued on page 53)

PATCH WORK

You may call it patch work, but no one else should. The hole or tear in your furniture covering, table cloth, cushion or curtain is just an excuse for a bit of appliqué and embroidery. You may trace any of the designs below or, if you are clever, make your own.

As in any patching, the motif should be bigger than the hole so that there is no danger of its tearing away. Also, don't cover up just the hole and leave one flower in the middle of the curtain so that every one thinks it is a mistake.

Add a few more where there are no holes so that it looks intentional, not like an unfortunate accident. Be careful too about selection of colours and try to get a nice variety of brilliant ones if your holey surface is a bit drab after four years of war wear.

Enlarging A Motif



Fit the existing motif into a square and then draw another square the size you want. Rule a graph of the same number of smaller squares in each. This will enable you to count the squared numbers down and across into which to fit your drawing and help you to follow the direction of the lines.

C M





SIMPLE

Multiplication

Multiplication came to the room shown below through sheer necessity, which, beginning with the fuel situation, has made it impossible to continue the uses of a dining-room and a sitting-room as separate apartments.

The problem has been solved for this household for the coming winter, by the simple multiplication of the two rooms which now become one. This arrangement has the additional advantage that the cleaning and maintenance of the dining-room has been cut right out of the daily work schedule—an important saving when fires begin to add their burden to house-work.

So, to facilitate the plan, the dining-room has been completely cut out as a usable apartment. There has been a certain exchange of furniture from one room to the other and the dining-room holds pieces no longer required in the sitting-room.

For instance, to make room for the dining-table and chairs a large bookcase has had to be exchanged. Another small side table has also gone to sulk in the dining-room.

To have brought the sideboard in would have meant overcrowding, so it was decided that this could be dispensed with. The trolley serves to hold cutlery and condiment sets in readiness for meals.

A large rug from the dining-room has been recruited to save food stains around the dining-table and an unbreakable rule made that all plates and dishes brought from the kitchen must be carried on trays so that food stains between table and door will never get a start in life.

Dining-room essentials are kept to one side of the room and living-room equipment to the other, but by removing inessentials at all vital points this became possible and a tricky multiplication sum has been solved.

Some problems of domestic arithmetic, with

Addition

Improving the appearance of shabby rooms has never been quite so difficult. New furniture, fabric and effects are hard to get, and even when they are obtainable are much too costly.

For all that, addition does not always imply the introduction of elaborate effects or even new furniture. Little telling touches, added to what is already there, can have an equally good effect.

Most additions of this kind begin with a little discreet subtraction. This is to simplify the issue and make progress easier.

This was done very effectively in the room photographed above, which is an instructive example of what can be done by simple addition.

The furnishings originally consisted of an outdated oak suite of three pieces, a bed, a dressing-table, a chest of drawers and a wardrobe; some plain green curtains and a rather attractive chair, which still remains.

Overcrowding was sabotaging the balance and spaciousness of the room which is small, so it was decided to banish the ugly dressing-table and make the chest of drawers serve instead. A triple mirror replaces the dressing-table glass and is well lighted by the two attractive cream pottery lamps on either side.

The bed, the wardrobe and the chest were then stripped of stain and varnish and repainted a matt cream with decorative outlining of the drawers in pale green.

The stripping is a job which requires time and patience but beyond that is not difficult. Good chemical strippers are sold still which simplify the work of removing the old stain and polish.

The wardrobe has the same treatment of paint with mouldings picked out in green and the mirror which was in the front panel of the door has been removed and hung inside.

The small chest for books was an alien, but it was brought into service to fill a gap under the window without crowding and to make a useful repository for bottles and jars which too often litter the top of the dressing-table.

The plain curtains had their own improving addition by way of a pelmet decoration made from some odd lengths of fuchsia-coloured velvet which tones with the plum velvet covering of the chair. Touches of fuchsia relieve the plain cream of the lampshades.



ARITHMETIC

Division

A room that has to be divided into two or adapted to two purposes calls for ingenuity, unless space is unlimited, but it is a fascinating problem to tackle.

Below we have illustrated an example of simple division worked out to give two young sisters, sharing a bedroom, as many advantages of separate rooms as it is possible to have in the space of one. This is an arrangement that was devised and carried through before the days of acute shortage, but it has ideas worth noting for future use.

So that each one may enjoy the privilege of living with her favourite colour a two-tone scheme has been built up on rose-pink and pastel blue.

Cream walls give a neutral basis and the oak bedroom suite has been painted cream to match.

Cream linoleum covers the floor, and two large Indian rugs with cream grounds flank each divan bed. One has a pink border and motif, the other a blue.

Cream-spotted muslin bedspreads, softly flounced, are in each case mounted over blue and pink sateen, and narrow shelves which have been built on either side of the fireplace—one for each girl as a receptacle for shoes and books—are flounced with a blue cretonne scattered with pink bouquets. The same cretonne covers the easy chair, but this time, the colouring is reversed with pink as a background and blue for the design.

The cream painted dressing-table and a chest of drawers with a mirror are set across two corners of the room on either side of the windows, not shown in the drawing. These give each girl dressing-table facilities of her own. The wardrobe which is reserved for the use of one, stands between two cretonne-draped windows, and the built-in hanging cupboard is exclusive to the use of the other sister. Each sister has her possessions on her own side.

answers, worked out for improving the home



Subtraction

The whole secret of decoration, and comfort, in the home is to know when to subtract as well as when to add.

It is no exaggeration to say that most rooms in most homes could be improved more easily by removing some of the old things rather than by adding fresh ones.

In our homes we are given to habit as much as elsewhere and we continue to endure the unsightliness and even the actual discomfort of a great many things which are not either practical or decorative, but merely stay where they are because we are used to seeing them there. We have the habit of them and will not break it.

Breathing space is an essential of comfort and charm in decoration. The difference between breathing space and downright austerity is rather subtle, which is why we shy away from it, perhaps.

So, obviously, subtraction is a good thing when it is well done, and it must be well done.

In the room photographed above we have chosen an example which clearly illustrates the improving effects of a policy of subtraction in a room that was formerly overfurnished.

The secret of its new composed and unaffected comfort is that the furniture and ornamentation which has been left is justified either by its usefulness or its charm.

A tall and ungainly bookcase has been taken away because its dark colouring and ponderous outline was out of harmony with the delicate background. The room seemed more spacious without it while the books were better accommodated on some built-in shelves not shown in the photograph.

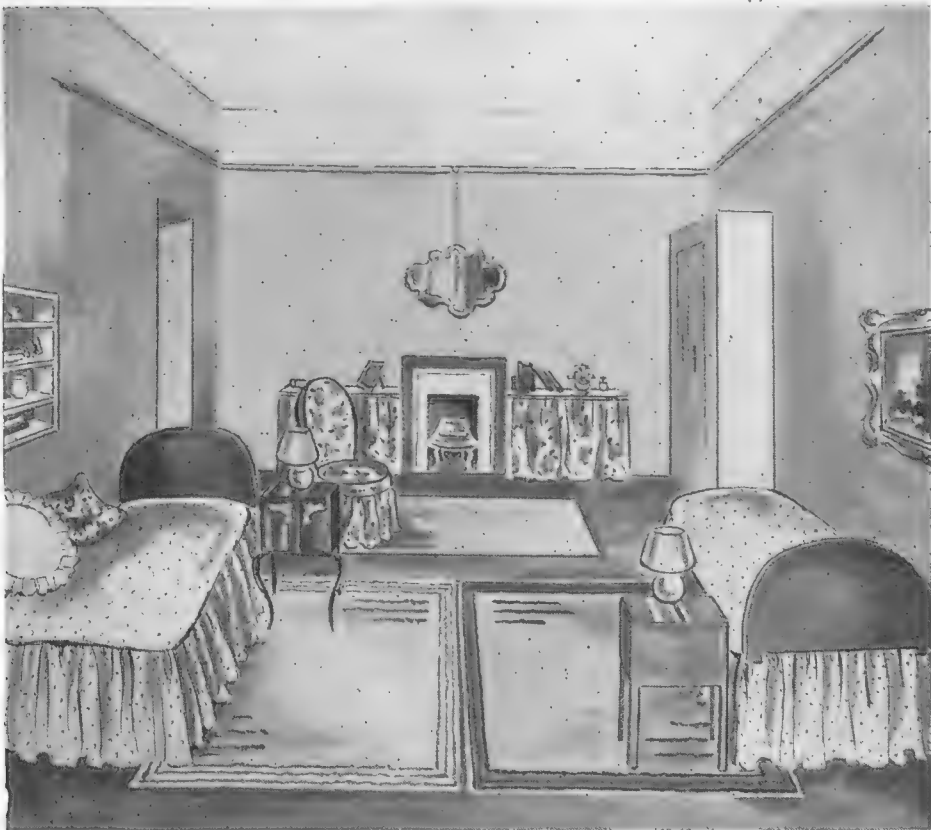
A heavy and rather ornate overmantel has been banished, too, giving more limelight to a most attractive fireplace which was formerly quite overshadowed.

A corner china cupboard was also banished because it was not beautiful in itself and merely housed a clutter of china pieces of doubtful sentimental value and no worth.

The walls are austere plain, but the gay and varied design of the curtains, rugs and cushions, though seemingly casual, are carefully harmonised in colouring.

The result is a clean-cut simplicity which has every advantage of practical comfort and a charm which is inherent in the war and cheerful colouring.

Winifred Lewis



LAYER FONDANT

Arrange in a fireproof dish alternate layers of breadcrumbs, sprinkled with melted fat, and thin slices of cheese. Leave in a medium oven for 10 to 15 minutes.

POTATOES AU GRATIN WITH SCRAMBLED EGGS

Boil $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of potatoes in their skins: when soft but not split remove from the water and leave to cool off. Have ready a greased fireproof dish, 1 cupful of white sauce, and 8 scrambled eggs (dried). Peel and cut the potatoes into slices and cover the bottom of the dish with half the total amount of pieces. Pour over some of the white sauce. Next spread the scrambled eggs and cover with the remaining potatoes. Add the rest of the sauce, a few shavings of margarine, and cover with a piece of greaseproof paper. Leave in a medium oven for half an hour.

VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

This dish can be made with any vegetables in season, but for this month I suggest Jerusalem artichokes, potatoes, celery and carrots.

Wash and peel 1 lb. of each of the vegetables mentioned—2 sticks in the case of the celery—and boil until just tender. Keep the various waters, mixing them together to form a stock. Take 3 cupfuls of the liquid, add 3 meat cubes, and use it with 2 oz. of margarine and 3 dessertspoonfuls of flour to make the sauce. Add salt to taste. Arrange the vegetables in a casserole, cover with the sauce, and leave in a medium oven for half an hour.

VEGETABLE CHARLOTTE

Grease thoroughly a cake tin and line the sides and bottom with crustless fingers of bread about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick dipped in melted fat.

Fill the centre with a mixture composed of 1 cupful of cooked brussels sprouts, 1 of carrots, 1 of celery,

SARDINE AND SAL

SALMON SALAD

Mix together in a bowl 1 cupful of carrots, 1 of potatoes, 1 of leeks and 1 of cauliflower, all cooked and diced. Add 1 cupful of flaked tinned salmon and stir in thoroughly the following dressing: put 1 dessertspoonful of flour into a saucepan and add gradually half a cupful of milk, stirring all the time to prevent lumps. Bring slowly to the boil, still stirring, and when thick remove from the fire and allow to get quite cold. Beat well in 1 dried egg (reconstituted) and 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar.

SALMON AND POTATO ROLL

Boil 2 lb. of potatoes in well-salted water; when cooked mash until creamy and add 1 tablespoonful of flour and 1 dried egg reconstituted in milk instead of water. Work the paste, then roll it out about 1 in. thick, on a floured board. Cover with as much flaked salmon as available—the more the better—and form into a roll. Place it in

a greased fireproof dish, cover with a dessertspoonful of melted margarine and bake for half an hour in a hot oven.



For Healthy Young Appetites

BALKAN HOTPOT

Choose 24 leaves of a good-sized cabbage and place them in a saucepan of boiling water. Bring again to the boil, strain and throw cold water over to prevent splitting.

Next boil 1 cupful of rice for 10 minutes in salted water and pass any left overs of meat through the mincer. Mix the meat with the rice in $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of lard over a low fire and add 1 dessertspoonful of mixed, chopped herbs and salt and pepper to taste.

Finely shred the rest of the cabbage and cover the bottom of a saucepan with about a third of it. Place in the centre of each large leaf a small heap of the meat and rice. Fold the leaf tightly round the stuffing and arrange in a saucepan, putting a layer of shredded cabbage between each layer of cabbage roll, finishing with the shredded cabbage. Pour over 1 cupful of vegetable water in which has been dissolved 2 meat cubes, put 1 tablespoonful of lard on top and cover with a lid. Leave to simmer over a low fire for 1 hour. Turn out on to a dish and serve with roast potatoes.

GRILLED COD CUTLETS WITH CREAMED POTATOES

Wash, without peeling, 3 lb. of potatoes and put them in cold water. Bring to the boil and leave until only slight resistance is met with when pricked with a fork. Remove from fire, strain, and allow to cool. Make a white sauce with 2 oz. of margarine, 3 dessertspoonfuls of flour and 3 cupfuls of household milk. Salt to taste. Peel and slice the potatoes, put them into the sauce.

Meanwhile take 1 large or 2 small cod cutlets per person and arrange them in a fireproof dish. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper and leave for 10 minutes. Turn them over and repeat the process. Heat your grill and cook the fish on both sides (5 minutes each side should be about right). Lay the cutlets on the creamed potatoes and serve. Carrots go nicely with this dish.

BAKED SAUSAGE MEAT WITH MACARONI

Butter a large fireproof dish and place in the centre 1 lb. of sausage meat which has previously been mixed with 1 tablespoonful of chopped herbs and pressed into the shape of a thick slab. Put some lard on the meat and leave in a medium oven for 1 hour, basting every 15 minutes and adding fat if necessary. In salted water boil $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of macaroni—or spaghetti—for 5 minutes. Strain and arrange round the meat, pouring over 1 cupful of stock (meat cubes and vegetable water). Cover with another dish or a baking tin and leave for a further half-hour.

SAVOURY RICE

Fry until nicely browned 1 large, chopped onion in 1 tablespoonful of margarine. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of rice and mix well with the fat. Have ready 4 cupfuls of vegetable water in which 6 meat cubes have been dissolved and add this, little by little, to the rice until it is cooked. Water or vegetable stock may be added at the end if necessary. Chop finely 4 rashers of bacon or odd pieces of meat if you have them, any vegetables left over from a previous meal and add them to the rice. A few sultanas make a lot of difference. Serve with grated cheese.

PEASANT SOUP

Dissolve 6 meat cubes in 2 pints of water; bring to the boil and add 1 medium-sized cauliflower, omitting the stalk and separated into flowerettes. Slice finely 1 onion (if available) and fry in 1 teaspoonful of lard. Add 4 rashers of bacon, cut into small pieces, and when cooked add 2 dessertspoonfuls of flour, mixing well into the fat. Then pour over slowly, stirring all the time, 1 pint of water. Wash and peel 1 lb. of potatoes, quarter them if large, and put them in with the cauliflower. Add the contents of the frying pan and leave until the potatoes are soft but not broken.

All Recipes On These Pages Serve Four

Which Forget Meat



and 1 of potatoes, all finely chopped and moistened with 1 cupful of white sauce. Cover thickly with grated cheese and leave in a medium oven for three quarters of an hour. Turn out and serve.

MAINE PUDDING

Shred 1 large cabbage and boil the pieces for 10 minutes; strain well and fry in 2 oz. of lard with, if possible, 2 chopped onions. Next, using a saucepan, melt 2 oz. of margarine; add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of semolina, mixing thoroughly. Pour over 2 cupfuls of vegetable water in which have been dissolved 2 meat cubes, stir, and when the mixture begins to thicken remove from the fire. In a casserole arrange one layer of cabbage and one of semolina until the dish is full; cover with 2 dessertspoonfuls of breadcrumbs mixed with grated cheese and 1 oz. of melted margarine. Leave in a hot oven for from 10 to 15 minutes.



COOKERY

By Harriet Muir

MON VARIETY



SARDINE OMELET

Make an omelet in the ordinary way, using 4 dried eggs (reconstituted), salt, pepper, and 2 dessertspoonfuls of chopped herbs.

Just before the omelet is set in the centre add 4 to 5 boned sardines. Fold over the two edges, sprinkle with more chopped herbs and serve immediately.

SARDINE AND SALMON FRITTERS

Make the following paste: melt 2 oz. of lard in $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of water. Pass 3 oz. of flour through a sieve and, when the water is boiling, remove it from the fire, throw in the flour, put the saucepan back over the flame and stir until a thick paste is obtained.

Let it cool down and add, one at a time, 2 dried eggs (reconstituted) mixing thoroughly each time. Next stir in 3 dessertspoonfuls of boned, chopped sardines and 3 of tinned salmon. Drop dessertspoonfuls of the mixture into 1 oz. of very hot fat and brown quickly on both sides. A carrot purée and mashed potatoes go very well with this dish or the fritters may be eaten as a savoury.

NOVEMBER SALAD

1 breakfastcupful diced celery heart; 1 breakfastcupful grated raw carrots; $\frac{1}{2}$ breakfastcupful sliced leeks; 1 breakfastcupful chopped raw cabbage heart; 2 table-spoonfuls raisins or apple cubes.

Mix these ingredients together and pour over the following dressing: 4 dried eggs reconstituted in 4 table-spoonfuls of water instead of 8; 1 teaspoonful of mustard; 2 table-spoonfuls of sugar; and 3 table-spoonfuls of vinegar.

SPICED PANCAKE

Boil $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of rice in milk until it is pulpy; drain off surplus milk and add 1 oz. of melted margarine, 2 table-spoonfuls of grated cheese, and a pinch of cinnamon. When it has cooled down, pour over 4 eggs (reconstituted) beaten up. Mix all well together, and with the mixture make a pancake in a frying-pan. Serve flat, sprinkled with more cheese and dusted lightly with paprika.

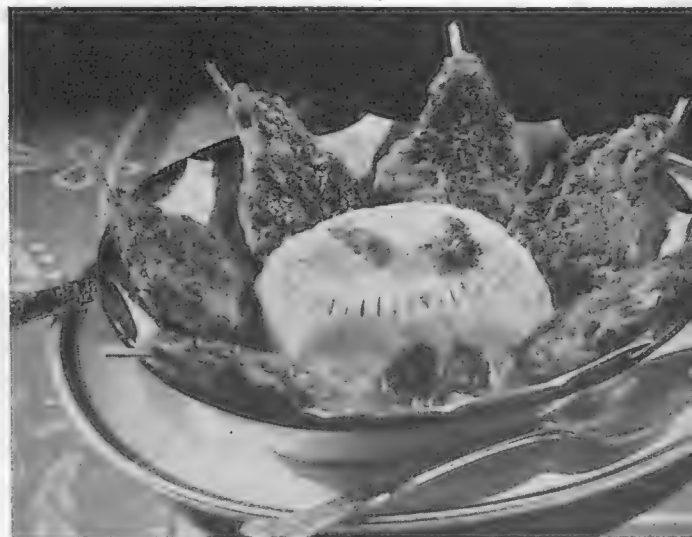
PIQUANT SALAD DRESSING

This goes very well with any winter salad. To $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of mixed salad cream and milk ($\frac{2}{3}$ cream to $\frac{1}{3}$ milk) add 3 dessertspoonfuls each of finely chopped pickles and raw onion, and add grated cheese to taste.



TURNIP CUPS

Peel 2 large turnips for each person and boil them until tender. Let them cool off. Pass enough carrots through the mincer to fill the turnips and fry them (the carrots) in sufficient fat not to burn. Scoop out the centre of the turnips, fill with the carrots, sprinkle with grated cheese, put a lump of margarine on top and reheat in a medium oven.



DEVILLED CUTLETS

Make a purée of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of cooked haricot beans. Place in the centre of a fireproof dish and cover with margarine shavings. Leave in a low oven. Next chop finely 2 lb. of cabbage; boil for 10 minutes, tip it into a dry frying pan over a high flame to draw out all surplus water. Remove and mix with a dried egg (reconstituted), 2 table-spoonfuls of flour, salt and pepper. Shape the mixture into cutlets, spread mustard thinly on both sides, roll in flour and fry for 3 minutes on each surface. Arrange round the bean purée and serve very hot.



FLEMISH SOUFFLÉ (for those who keep hens)

Mix, over a slow fire, 1 melted table-spoonful of margarine with 1 of flour. Add 1 cupful of milk and bring to the boil, stirring continuously. Add 2 table-spoonfuls of grated cheese, 2 egg yolks, and the stiffly beaten whites. Cover the bottom of a soufflé dish with cooked brussels sprouts, split in half; cover with the cheese mixture and leave in a medium oven for 25 minutes. Serve immediately.

Baby is on The Way

THE war has taken a lot of fuss out of having a baby. This is not to say that the beginning of motherhood has lost any of its importance. It does mean that women are learning to accept the natural progress of pregnancy calmly, and as a factor which need not interfere too much with the normal way of life.

So many thousands of women who are advancing towards motherhood now are doing so without the supporting influence of a husband on the spot. This cultivates self-reliance for a start. Many thousands more are continuing in their jobs.

A few years ago the prospect of continuing in a job throughout pregnancy would have seemed a daring thing. Necessity and a much healthier and more natural point of view has made nonsense of this theory.

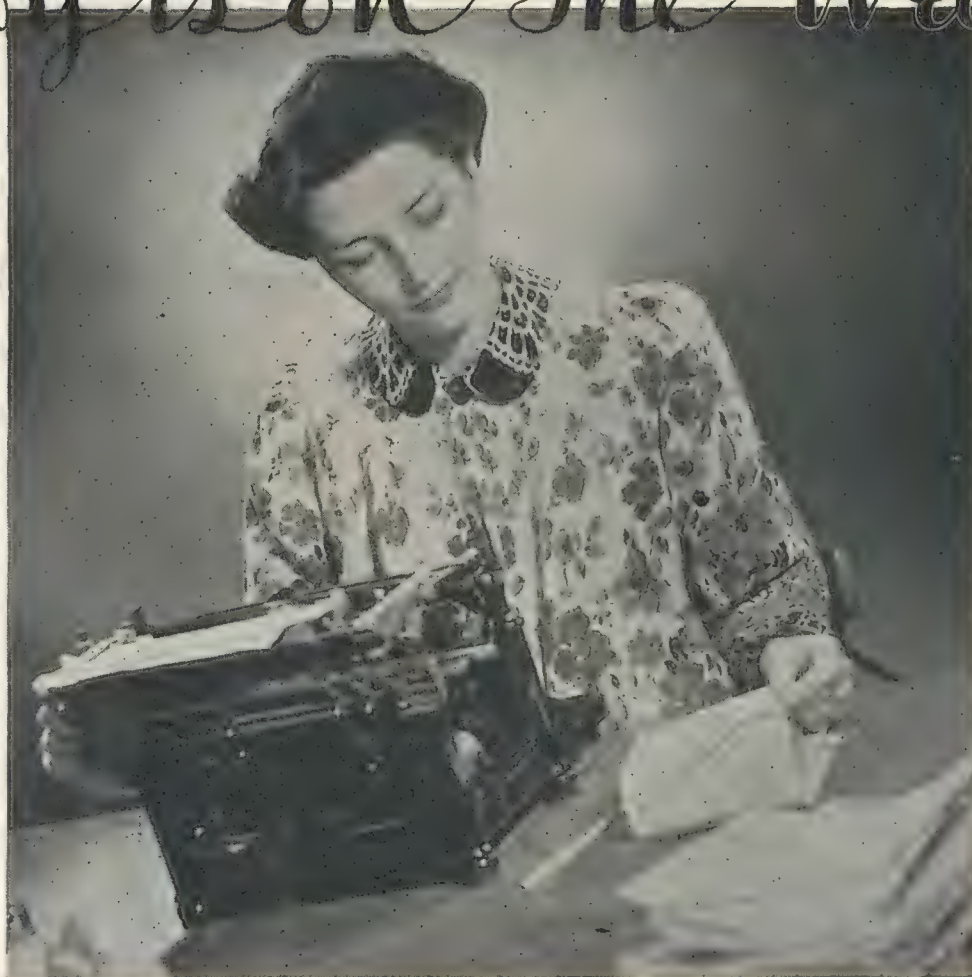
To-day a sensible woman who is expecting a baby regards herself not as an invalid, but this placid and carefree outlook should not prevent her from taking the simple health measures which ensure a comfortable passage for herself and the baby.

If everything goes well, discomfort need not enter into her calculations for five or six months. Morning sickness is not an inevitable accompaniment of pregnancy, and if it does occur, some simple measures can be taken to relieve it.

The important thing is to avoid an anxiety complex about it. If you expect to feel sick you probably will be, but don't look for it. Put it right out of your mind.

A cup of tea and a dry biscuit taken in bed before moving will help if the tendency arises. After the tea and biscuit rest a little longer and then get up slowly. Jumping out of bed immediately on waking and hurrying around does tend to encourage the trouble.

Diet is important during pregnancy, but the business woman's life need not be complicated by anxiety about special foods, because none are necessary. All that is needed is a good, simple and regular diet with the addition of water in generous quantities and the extra milk which is provided for expectant mothers under



And the mother-to-be stays on in her job as long as possible, taking wise care, but not cosseting herself

the Ministry of Health priority scheme.

Plenty of raw green vegetables, cheese and fish whenever it is obtainable will suffice. Some women cut meat out of the diet for the whole period of their pregnancy, but to omit it in the last three months is enough.

One all-important rule for the working mother-to-be is to plan her routine for each day, so that everything is done quietly and with time to spare.

Regular visits to the doctor or to an ante-natal clinic are absolutely essential.

How long a healthy woman can continue in her job when she is pregnant is one of

the first things to be asked. This depends a little upon herself and her ability to treat herself as a person in a normal state of good health, even more it depends on the kind of job she happens to be doing. With an office job there is no reason why she should not continue working quite happily and safely until six weeks before the baby is due.

A factory job that requires her to keep continually on her feet or involves any kind of lifting will have to be discontinued much earlier.

Appearance is the next most important concern. The average healthy woman who is taking her pregnancy philosophically looks in some respects her most attractive at this time. There is a new buoyancy, a clarity of skin and eyes that goes with the early stages of motherhood.

As to contours, there is no need to worry about them for a few months, anyway.

Utility maternity gowns are inexpensive and cleverly designed for the purpose. They are a sound investment to the woman who intends to go around as usual, and can be easily adapted after the event to the normal figure to which every woman can look forward now with confidence after her baby is born.

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What I Shall Tell My Daughter



IT is a pity that my daughter will probably never know her own resourcefulness as a housekeeper. I hope that by the time she is ready for it, home-making will be a much easier path to tread than I have known. I want it that way, but I also want her to know that she is missing something in her comparative life of ease.

I have had to learn in a hard school, things that will be to her just a story of the past in which she had no share, but I hope that my experience may be helpful to her.

...

For instance, I would have her know that the simplest food is perhaps the hardest test of one's culinary skill.

Good gravies, subtle flavourings, perfectly cooked vegetables sound like elementaries, but they are the basis of good food.

One thing I shall insist upon my daughter knowing is the way to make good sauces and to concoct good flavourings. Wartime cookery has taught me that a good sauce will make an indifferent quality fish seem like the rarest sea food, and rags of meat patiently cooked in a casserole are delectable with the addition of the subtle herbs and flavours by which we have hitherto been content merely to admire, but not to emulate, the foreign cook.

...

My daughter won't be helpless in mechanical matters if I can prevent it, but she will know that the ability to mend a fuse or to dismantle the kitchen range so as to cure a choked flue is plain common sense and not wizard's work.

Salvage collecting may be a thing of the past when her time comes, but I shall train my daughter to be methodical about discarded things because I have found that, apart from duty, this organisation of salvage in the home is a splendid source of efficiency.

The cupboards and attics in my house are neat and orderly now and innocent of that bewildering rubbish that once infested them. All the space that was once so uselessly occupied has a better use now, and the whole house is freer and cleaner for it.

...

I used to spend many shillings a week on wood for kindling the fires. That was in the time when a whole box would go to light a fire. Now I can light a fire with three sticks of wood and dried fir cones. My coal and light bills are down to half but we couldn't call the house less homely. It is entirely a question of careful organisation.

With my present example before her, my daughter will have far fewer careless habits than I once had. Already she relies far less on the telephone than I used to do. My daughter is too well employed already to gossip on the phone as I habitually did. Not that I do it now. My phone calls are really necessary before I make them, and what I did in patriotism has had a surprising and most salutary effect on my bills, so that is a reform that must stay.

...

Making and mending should be, if I can make it so, a natural accomplishment of my daughter. She is learning to sew and learning carefully and thoroughly not only to make new clothes, but to adapt her old ones.

She won't cast half-worn things aside as I have done in the past, and because of the skill I intend her to have in these matters she will be a well-dressed woman, and happy in her independence of outside help.

...

Above all things I wish my daughter to appreciate her home as much as I do. She may never come so near to losing it as I have done. I hope not, but I shall do what I can to convince her in other ways that home is a thing to be prized above all others and that nothing of herself that she can give to it can be more worthily endowed.



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Old Tales Re-told (Continued from page 24)

important people had succeeded in finding refuge there, and so many more tried to crowd inside that the heavy portcullis had to be forced down almost on top of them. No preparations had been made for the accommodation of such an assembly, and consequently the food all disappeared in a couple of days.

Conditions became desperate. From the ramparts of the castle some baskets were lowered containing money, in the hope that someone might put food in them in exchange. Coins were also scattered on the ground below to attract attention; and soon some boys with vegetables and others with fruit ventured to brave the danger to get at the coins. As they approached the wall, shots rang out from several directions. The marauders were using the children as a running target for their arquebuses. Many of them fell, but strangely enough the others were undeterred from trying their luck. Thus the slaughter of the innocents went on, and the murderers were vastly amused by this new diversion.

FOR seven months the barbarians held the city in their fearful grip, wreaking their spite on every class of citizen. Thousands would be tortured until someone paid a ransom. Convents were invaded and nuns forced to take part in disgusting scenes of debauchery and sacrilege. Hundreds of houses were burned, together with their inhabitants, while through the streets the warriors of Captain Frundsberg ran wild arrayed in the religious vestments of cardinals and papal

prelates. Mock functions were performed, in which the Catholic church was profaned with every conceivable obscenity.

Owing to the numbers of unburied dead, and the general chaotic state of the city, epidemics of cholera, typhus and plague broke out. The scourges of God struck indiscriminately at the victims and their despoilers. Then, and then only, did the infamous occupation cease. Having squeezed every last coin and item of value out of the stricken city, the barbarians prepared to depart. But they did not dare to take any hostages. The Pope was still a prisoner. He knew that he could get no help from outside unless he went personally. So one evening, disguised as a poor peasant carrying a basket with empty sacks on his shoulders, he slipped through the guarded gate of the castle. Thence he reached the gardens of St. Peter, with its secret door through which was gained the open country and the road to Orvieto.

Thus ended one of the many "glorious conquests" of Germany—a conquest that had no political aim.

Throughout history this cancer of Europe, called the German military machine, has been let loose principally for the purpose of pillage. Civilisation, it seems, has had no other effect on the German than to provide him with even more diabolical means of satisfying his bestial thirst for cruelty.

More than four centuries have elapsed—and to the age-old scars Europe is every day adding new ones.

END

Stones From Heaven (Continued from page 15)

In 1917, a piece of white-hot rock hurtled down and fell in a road in Colby, Wisconsin. Some years later another meteorite hit a road in Colorado.

A woman was standing outside a garage when she heard a whistling sound coming through the air. A moment later there was a crash. On examination it was found that a meteorite had gone through the roof of the garage, torn through the top of a car and had come to rest inside the cushion of the driver's seat.

A man was lying under a wagon in Kansas when a meteorite weighing over a hundred pounds plunged into the ground so close to the wagon that it was splattered with dirt. In Michigan a farmer was ploughing when a shower of meteoric stones began falling round him. He is said to have rushed into town calling on the sheriff to protect him from his enemies who, he believed, were pelting him from ambush!

Very occasionally a meteor will explode in mid-air with a tremendous noise. Sir Robert Ball, the eminent Victorian astronomer, has recorded one such incident in his book *Star-Land*. Writing of this meteor he says: "It began in Kansas about seventy-five miles high, and thence it flew for a thousand miles at a speed of ten or fifteen miles a second, until it disappeared somewhere near Lake Ontario.

"Over a certain region between Chicago and St. Louis, the great ball of fire burst into a number of pieces, and formed a cluster of

glowing stars that seemed to chase each other over the sky. This cluster must have been about forty miles long and five miles wide, and when the explosion occurred a most terrific noise was produced, so loud that many thought it was an earthquake.

"A remarkable circumstance illustrates forcibly the tremendous height at which this explosion occurred. The meteor had burst into pieces, the display was all over and was beginning to be forgotten, and yet nothing had been heard. It was not until a quarter of an hour after the explosion had been seen that a fearful crash was heard at Bloomington. It was 180 miles from the spot where the explosion actually occurred, and as sound takes five seconds to travel a mile you can easily calculate that the mighty noise required a quarter of an hour for its journey."

Meteorites are of several different kinds. Some are composed chiefly of iron and nickel, others of equal portions of nickel-iron and stone, and a third group is composed mainly of stone. The greatest number of meteorites which have been observed to fall have belonged to the last category.

Good prices are paid for meteorites by the various museums which collect them. On the heading of the notepaper of the American Meteorite Laboratory, from whom I have just received a letter, there is prominently displayed the words: "We Buy Meteorites—Free Information on How to Recognize Them."

END

Old English Inns (Continued from page 42)

quality of catering varied somewhat, travellers were usually assured of a courtly welcome, a cosy bed and abundant fare.

When the railways opened up, calamity descended on the coaching inns. Many closed their doors, bemoaning, in dust and poverty, their lost prosperity; some struggled on despairingly; others were converted into private residences; whilst, in the large towns, reaction to all this had recourse to the inauguration of gaudy gin-palaces. For years the standard of inn-keeping forlornly ebbed. Then, fortunately, an era of motoring arrived. Attractive, modern roadhouses appeared along the highways; dilapidated hostelries were

restored and enlarged. The ancient coaching inns, with business flourishing, revived their old traditions. The road became gay again; and the art of inn-keeping was reborn.

Now, in wartime, private motoring having ceased, the patronage of inns has largely changed. Officers, serving with the Forces, and their wives or evacuees from blitzed or vulnerable areas help to maintain the prosperity of some; whilst many village inns are thronged with troops stationed in the vicinity. Centuries ago it was the black and scarlet of highwayman and dragoon: to-day, it is khaki and Air Force blue.

END



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They Will Want To Live In England

(Continued from page 13)

with him in this very ship, when they took on a cargo of timber at Vancouver just before this war. He, to see if his first impressions had been merely romantic or not, had taken a couple of days, while the ship was loading, to cross over and go up Vancouver Island again. "It was just the same way. I wanted to live there. I never wanted to live anywhere so badly in me life!"

Now, from off Bear Island in the Arctic to Exeter, England, is some jump. From an old Irish skipper (he was the captain of a ship which was dive bombed and sunk at Crete) to a 24-year-old Rhodesian Typhoon pilot is another jump. But there wasn't a foot of difference in the two lives that these two men had talked about. Both had been enchanted, caught by the beauty of this world. Both hated to give it up. The old Irishman had looked into the mirrors of the sea on many and many a day when it is at its most beautiful—that still hour just before the sun tops the horizon. The young fighter pilot had looked down on clouds below him, through which the rising sun made a glow so that they looked like a floor of flamingo. Both had acquired tastes, desires if you like, which made it repugnant to them to think of settling down to live in an urban street.

Now that's no idle fancy of mine. I'll bet you there are hundreds of men in the Forces—yes, and women, too—who, reading this article, will say: "Yes, that's what I mean. That's what I meant when I said that I didn't want to go back to the old life. I don't see, after this, how I will be able to endure it again."

So there you are. I'm not talking bunk. For some people, I would almost say for the majority of the men and women in the Forces, the vision of the post-war life they long for is not that expressed by our deep-thinker economists and politicians, most of whom only seem to see civilisation in terms of a by-product of economic progress. Maybe they suspect that less material and more philosophical thinkers like Duff Cooper, are right—when they warn us not to expect too much, that the post-war world may be full of a lot of nasty people, and meanness. But whatever they think, it's a 100-to-1 bet that having seen the beauty of this earth—even under circumstances when they felt they were about to leave it with the next bullet—the majority of the people in uniform are not going to give that vision up.

That brings me to the question of: How are they going to hang on to it? That question requires a practical answer. And these are a few of them. That young Rhodesian, and thousands like him, will expand outwards in their own colonies. Australia will probably throw itself open to more English immigration. Leave less wide open spaces for the Japs to covet. And put white people into that semi-continent, instead of submitting to Asiatic immigration. I see Canada, especially northern Canada, being opened up along the lines in which the Soviet Russians have planted great settlements above the Arctic Circle. I said I would give you practical

answers; this is certainly one of them. Just take a look at the map of Canada! You can see where the cities are, where the towns, where stretch the great wheat lands and the belts of deep forests. Northwards there's a vast emptiness. You don't want to go there? Well, stay at home. But if the years of war and hardship have *vitalised* you—made you yearn for an active life, something bigger than an office, a life with some *physical contest in it*—then take your atlas and look at some of those empty spaces. I haven't the least doubt but that the Canadians will plant a big life in their north, after this war is over.

Under the new attitude towards Africa, and the Africans, I don't think there will be many more openings for English settlers there. I don't see how there can be, if the land is to be held in trust or guarded for the natives.

The cold fact is that aside from a possible probably expanding Australia and Canada—both throwing their doors open to more English colonisers—there just won't be those places on the earth which so many men and women dream about to-day, with the idea of going out to make a new life there. Chile (I am being practical again, you see) might throw open that vast, wooded southern district, an immense primeval area now inhabited almost exclusively by hot Nazi colonists. When I was down there, crossing over the lake district and the Andes into Patagonia, I saw those German settlers hacking great new farms out of absolutely virgin forest. This, in a landscape like Switzerland, or their own Bavaria. A perfect idyll of a modern frontiersman's life.

But I have an idea that most of the South American republics are going to shut their countries up. Brazil is a vast emptiness, if you can stand the climate. But there was an immense German colony on the high, healthy plateau of San Paulo. However, Brazil, after her ugly experience in this war with the local Germans, might decide to adopt the motto of "Brazil for the Brazilians."

And the splendour of the mysterious East, the Far East, will become less and less a field for white men's lives. The Orient will be intensely self-conscious and nationalistic after this war.

No, we must face the facts—the one certain, outstanding result of this war will be to restrict, not enlarge, the white man's world. And that brings us back to earth again, right here in England. Here is where your future glory, and beauty, must be sought for. In England. Therefore think, and think hard about every scheme or plan you read in your daily newspaper or hear discussed in Parliament; feel concerned about all plans for the betterment of post-war England. The new London, with its "green belts." The new decentralisation of industry, with the model, modern towns. The great, strong, vigorous life that *can* be returned to the English farms, their countryside and the market towns.

For England will be your home.

END

The Black Piccaninnies of the Gold Coast

(Continued from page 16)

her temperature, pulse and respiration are taken, and recorded on her card. "Put out your tongue, mammy." "Have you a cough?" "Are you troubled with any pain?" She doesn't seem bothered by all these questions but takes it all in her stride; in fact, I really think she's enjoying so much attention.

Finally she reaches the medical officer: usually a European woman.

Sometimes it is the doctor's hard task to tell a woman that she can have no more children. That is a tragedy, indeed, in a country where birth control is unknown, and a woman "loses face" if she has not had several children by the time she is nineteen or twenty. But if all is well and a "pikin" on the way, the medical officer encourages the mother to come into the town to have her

confinement. "You'll have a live baby instead of a dead one this time," she will say to a woman who has previously lost two in childbirth. If she lives too far away from the town she is given the address of the nearest trained midwife to her village.

The number of women coming to these clinics for ante-natal care is growing every year. When they were started in 1925 the women were afraid to come. It was something new and, frightening. They preferred to put themselves into the hands of the village women, whose crude methods are most primitive and far from hygienic. Their original prejudice has, to a large extent, been overcome; and so the number of these welfare clinics has grown steadily.

END

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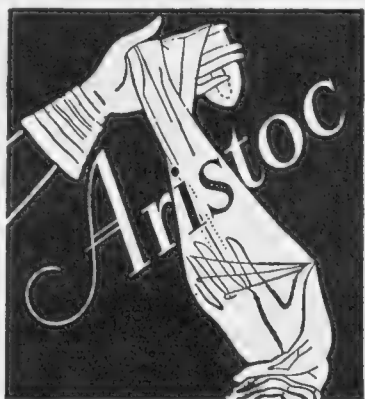
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THE HEALING
ANTISEPTIC

A Fair Risk (Continued from page 19)

noise again. Seemed to be coming straight for them.

"There she goes!"

He dashed to the edge of the cliff and disappeared.

"Darling!" she yelled.

Another burst of gunfire. The high-pitched hum of a climbing night fighter. He scrambled back towards her.

"Quick! Another! A line from here to North Headland, about a mile from the south dock gate, I should think. What's the matter? You're trembling!"

He took her in his arms. She gave a little sob.

"I—I thought you'd gone over the edge."

"Now, it's not as steep as that, you know."

"No, of course not. Silly of me."

She rested her head on his shoulder for a minute or two.

"Feeling all right now?"

"Yes—quite, thanks."

"Well, have you got all the positions down?"

"Yes, as far as I could in the dark; but, anyhow, won't they all have floated away by the morning?"

He laughed.

"Lamentable ignorance on the part of a minesweeping Wren! Lamentable. They're magnetics, girl—the sort that stay put on the bottom until some poor chap sails over 'em—but what about getting back? It's damn late, you know."

"There's no hurry," she said nonchalantly. She was feeling much better now, her own rebellious self, in fact, and if she returned when the all clear had gone she'd probably be able to climb in unnoticed.

And so the moon went down and the hawthorn berries drooped and the A.A. men and girls leaned upon their guns and rested. And the all clear sounded and the townsfolk gave thanks that the enemy had been driven away without doing any harm; for they did not know what tasks awaited the Navy on the morrow. And just before the first arrows of dawn shot through the eastern sky the leading seaman was clambering silently aboard, well contented, for he—and he alone—had seen the Wren safely home, and although he knew the storm might soon break over his head, everything seemed peaceful for the moment.

And then suddenly, with his foot on the old trawler's rail, a voice hailed him from the morning twilight. He looked round. There, hurrying down the quay, was Stripey, the old and trusty messenger of the minesweeping office.

"Ello," he said; "bin aht for a mornin' constitootional, eh? Well, take this in ter yer skipper. 'E'll be pleased ter see yer, I'm shoore!" And with that he hurried away again, leaving the leading seaman holding a signal marked "Urgent" and addressed to his C.O. There was only one course. The bold one. He knocked on the C.O.'s cabin and went in. The C.O. sat up drowsily, scratched his head and opened the signal. Its effect was magical.

"Might have known it," he muttered, and within the next sixty seconds he was out of his bunk and almost fully dressed.

"Tell the cox'n to turn the hands out and ask the chief for steam in an hour!" he rapped out, and then added: "And before I forget, I want to see you sometime to-day."

His tone was most unfriendly, and the leading seaman simply said: "Aye, aye, sir," and went to carry out his orders.

The cox'n received him with a look in which reproach, anger and pity were as mixed as they were intense. But never a word he said.

But at that particular moment there were, indeed, words enough up at the minesweeping office to serve the whole base.

"Damn it!" Commander (minesweeping) was roaring. "Is every one blind in this

b—y port! Suppositions, that's all we've got. Suppositions! 'We think there's one here. We believe two dropped there!' That's no use to me! I want actual positions! Otherwise it'll mean closing the port for heaven knows how long, and there's three big tankers in dock that have got to move in the next twelve hours! Why, if—"

His tirade was interrupted by the phone.

"Hullo! Yes—yes. Good, but can't you say exactly? Oh, all right. We'll do our best!"

He slammed the receiver down and turned again to his assistant.

"The R.A.F. say there's two near their big mooring buoy. Bit better than most other reports, but still not good enough! It's no use—we can't wait any longer. It'll have to be a clearance sweep. Now, let's see . . ."

He looked through his confidential file.

"Operation Beryl or Onyx, I should think. Eh?"

"Beryl, sir."

"Right. Carry on, will you. I'll take a quick look round the ships."

"Very good, sir."

Commander (minesweeping) drank his cup of boiling tea with a speed that would have done credit to any sword swallower, strode out of the office, down the quay and on board the senior trawler. The crew were already singling up.

"Morning, C.O.," he said, with a cheerfulness that was more his usual self. "Sorry we've got to push you out like this, but they dropped a lot of stuff last night, you know. Pretty clever tactics, too. Devil of it is I can't get exact positions. It'll have to be a clearance—operation Beryl. So I'll be coming out myself."

"We'll all be very glad to have you with us, sir," said the C.O.

The leading seaman, standing by, had heard what Commander (minesweeping) said. It was now or never. He stepped forward.

"Excuse me, sir, but I know where most of those mines dropped."

The C.O. looked at him somewhat blankly, but Commander (minesweeping) spoke first.

"What d'ye mean, you know where they fell?"

The leading seaman hesitated a moment.

"Well, I just do, sir."

"How? Where were you when you spotted them? Come on man, don't stand there—!"

The leading seaman told the truth, even if not the whole truth.

"I was ashore last night, sir."

"What do you make of this, C.O.?" said Commander (minesweeping).

"Well, sir, he's pretty intelligent, sir, if—er—a bit unorthodox."

There was a momentary silence.

"All right!" snapped Commander (minesweeping). "Get those positions plotted on the chart and be quick about it—can you read a chart?"

"Yes, of course, sir. But I'd like someone ashore as well to check up on it."

"Very well. We'll leave a man ashore and—"

"I'd rather have a Wren, sir; if I might."

Commander (minesweeping) burst into laughter. This certainly was an original kind of leading seaman. Yet somehow he seemed convincing, and Commander (minesweeping) was seldom wrong in his judgment of men.

"Any particular Wren?" he asked.

For the first time the leading seaman looked a bit confused.

"Y—yes, sir; if it's all right—"

"Well, young feller, you seem to be running this show, so I suppose it is! Put a move on, though. Got a signal pad?"

Commander (minesweeping) wrote a very hurried message.

"Better give that to the third officer," he said with a twinkle in his eye. "She's a bit of a tartar sometimes!"

The leading seaman sprinted up the dock-side with all the speed of his long legs and was back only in time to leap on to the trawler's counter as she pulled outwards from the quay.

About half an hour later they were gliding slowly out of the lock (Continued on page 58)

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

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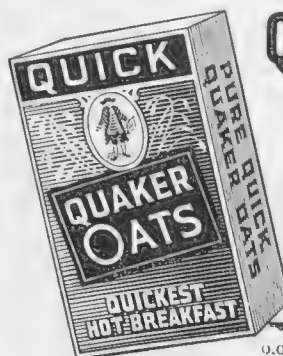
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gates and at about the same time a curious procession, consisting of one Wren and a couple of signalmen carrying a large white-painted pole and an Aldis lamp, was wending its way towards the top of Harbour Hill.

The trawler cleared the lock. The crew were on their toes.

"Half ahead! One turn to port!"

"Half ahead, one turn to port, sir!"

"Stand by to stream sweeps!"

"Standing by now, sir!"

The leading seaman was on the bridge also.

"There she goes, sir!" he shouted suddenly.

The C.O. looked through his glasses. On the top of Harbour Hill the white pole was glistening and beneath it stood three dark figures, two male and one female. And as he looked it suddenly dawned on him.

"So that's where he was last night," he murmured to himself, with amusement, and then a bit louder: "Now, let's see the chart."

Commander (minesweeping) was poring over it.

"What have you arranged with the shore?"

"The Wren's got the list of positions on transits from the hill-top, sir, and they're going to give us one long flash when we're on each position. We can then check up on the chart, sir, and—"

"All ready to switch on, sir," shouted the wireman.

"Switch on then, C.O.," intervened Commander (minesweeping) rubbing his hands in expectancy as the hollow vibrant roar of the generators rose above the slower beat of the main engines. The little tell-tale lights on the bridge blinked gaily in and out as if to say that their long tail following behind like some great sea serpent was doing its full duty. Slowly the old trawler plodded across the bay to the first position, while out on their starboard quarter, moving slowly seawards along the "swept channel" were the three squat, grey motor sweepers in perfect line abreast. That channel must be kept clear no matter what else happened!

But all eyes on the trawler were turned, not seawards but towards the land—towards Harbour Hill.

"Steer another two degrees to port!"

"Another two degrees to port, sir!" repeated the cox'n from the wheelhouse.

"Course, north seventy west, sir!"

Surely they were somewhere near now—surely.

"Look ou—" But whoever shouted never finished his warning, for almost before the lamp on Harbour Hill had finished its first long flash there was a dull rumbling roar; the old trawler seemed to leap momentarily out of the water. There was a crashing of glass and a great cascade of foam rose from the sea about a cable astern, and then sank slowly back again.

A second's silence, then a cheer from the

A Fair Risk

sweep deck and every one shouting at once.

"Switch off!"

"Stop her!"

"O seven four five! End of oil jetty of five five degrees! One and half miles! Ship's head north seventy west. Mine one cable astern!"

"Got that?"

"Aye aye, sir!"

"Glass gone in wheelhouse, sir. Investigatin' other damage!"

"Slow ahead!"

"Half ahead!"

"Switch on again and see if she's still pulsing!"

"Aye aye, sir!"

"Well, that's one less!"

"Still pulsing, sir!"

And then over babel of voices came the great cheerful roar of Commander (minesweeping).

"Very good effort! Now for some more!"

But by now the trawler's two sisters had arrived and taken up their appointed stations, and before the day was out the lamp on Harbour Hill had flashed seven times, seven cascades of water had roared heavenwards, two more of His Majesty's minesweepers had lost all their crockery; the tankers came out of dock at the appointed time, the harbour was pronounced safe in what the C-in-C. later officially described as an almost incredibly short space of time, and one tall, fair-haired Wren was so tired and so happy that she could hardly speak.

The weather broke that night and it was some days before it was fine enough for painting and the cox'n could report that the two new chevrons were duly displayed on the funnel. And as he stood on deck admiring them, who should chance to walk along the dock but the P.O. Wren in charge of the clothing store. She was carrying a copy of the latest port orders in her hand.

"Good morning, cox'n! I see your ship's in the news again!"

"Aye!—an' I believe one o' your Wrens is an' all!"

"Yes, that's right. Your leading seaman and my Wren must be feeling quite proud of themselves," she said slyly.

"If I'm no' mistaken it's the lassie I heard ye arguin' with a wee while back?"

"Yes—got your eye on her?"

"Och, no! But it seems ye didna' do sae bad wi' lettin' her go ashore and breakin' the rules after all!"

"Breaking the rules? Or was it just cutting red tape? Eh, cox'n?"

And the cox'n, thinking over what had recently passed between him and his leading seaman, considered that he knew the answer.

END

Books: (Continued from page 41)

in 1940, with the poignant love story of Phyl, the U.S. woman narrator, and an Austrian ski instructor who joined the Foreign Legion rather than go to a concentration camp. The author lived there at the time; she writes with conviction of the people she knew, supplementing de Polnay's graphic picture of Paris under occupation in "Death and To-morrow."

A Viennese psychiatrist exiled to England in 1939 is the chief character in Miss Phyllis Bottome's unusual and intelligent story, "Within the Cup" (Faber, 8s. 6d.). A man of rare gifts and charm, he came here a ghost of his former self, but finds work to do in tackling other people's wartime problems and his own, which include his love for a parson's wife, the enchanting Virginia, and an unconfessed passion for Gillian, daughter of Lord and Lady Wendover, who befriended him. Miss Bottome lived nine years in Austria; her understanding of Rudi, his reactions to England, make a brilliant study.

Somerset Maugham's "Theatre" showed us the highlights and shadows of a stage star's private life. In "A Little Season" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) Miss Diana Patrick portrays an actress who marries a rich landowner, resolving that he must never suffer

because she continues her career. But the marriage bristles with problems, and the shock of possible divorce when he is injured in an hotel fire and she discovers that he was not unaccompanied. Women will find Anna Harvest, in her dilemma, an absorbing character.

It is an intriguing situation in which a father leaves his son with his mistress to test her. She tries to make the boy, and in disgust he falls for a lovely girl at Monte Carlo, contracting, as the father had done, an unhappy marriage. The folly of selfish men in marrying brainless beauties underlies Miss Mary Lutyens's "So Near to Heaven" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.), a sophisticated sexually frank tale with epigrammatic dialogue and nostalgic pre-war background—Italy, France, London.

Picture a small street-market under one of New York's bridges. Its leader and philosopher is the whimsical Mr. Marco, fruit-seller; and a captivating figure he makes in Mr. Aben Kandel's droll study of low immigrant life—"The Stones Begin to Dance" (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.)—which tells of the first love of old Marco's son with tender sentiment, reminding one of that back block play, "Street Scene." (Continued on page 60)

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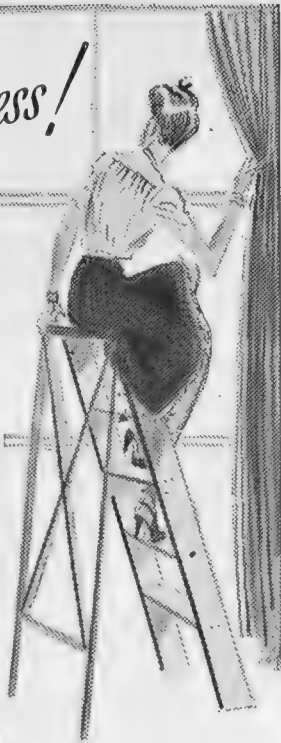
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"Will it return?"

"It was the biggest shock of my life to learn I had syphilis. I was entirely ignorant . . . The midwife sent me to a doctor who sent me at once to a hospital; three weeks later my baby was . . .

. . . This is my second year of treatment; the last three blood tests have been negative. Would you tell me, do you get cured for good or if I fall pregnant again, will it return?"

The Doctor replies:

"You will be very happy to know that you do get cured 'for good,' but I must repeat to you, as I do to all my correspondents, that you must continue the treatment until the doctor says you are cured and it is safe to have another baby. Be sure to ask him about this. Then, provided your husband has also been cured, you should be quite free of the disease. But if you become pregnant again go at once to your doctor or to the ante-natal clinic and explain that you have had syphilis and been treated for it. If you do what they tell you your baby will have every chance of being born healthy."

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT ARE AVAILABLE at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope.



Issued by the Ministry of Health and Central Council for Health Education (M-8-30)

A body found in a Rest Centre, once a Soho chapel, after a raid, is something new in murder stories. Miss Gladys Mitchell resolves the baffling clues in "Sunset Over Soho" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) with the help of a motherly amateur sleuth, Mrs. Bradley, who fills in the gaps left by the police. A well-written yarn.

Tod Fairley, naval intelligence man, finds swift-moving adventure in E. Laurie Long's "Deep Channels" (Ward, Lock, 8s. 6d.), when he sails from London docks as captain of the *Muscado*, quits his convoy, and ultimately makes Africa with a vital cargo. All he played was a minor part in a side-show of our far-flung war, but his success, against odds, had major consequences.

Lt.-Cdr. John Sardcrow in Mr. Denis

Toy States of the Continent (Continued from page 20)

friends and enemies of Italy are our friends and enemies." Beyond that, San Marinans wish to paddle their own canoe.

This the Fascists would not let them do. From early on the Blackshirts had a rod in pickle for San Marino on account of its reputation for never closing the gates on free men in adversity. Garibaldi ran there out of harm's way, and so did many fleeing from Fascism in 1921. So Mussolini soon clamped Fascism on San Marino.

As between toy states, the principality of Monaco is the antithesis of San Marino: the one rugged and withdrawn, the other a cosmopolitan courtesan.

The principality may be all that's said about it: "a plague-spot," "a sink in the sun." Yet I foretell that under spreading equalitarianism the "sink" will only become more vulgarised, ever more popular because it answers a natural craving for excitement and sensuous dalliance. Only—the gambling will not be so high, and the Monégasques will benefit more from the profits.

Five hundred miles westward round the Mediterranean, and one comes to "The Valleys and Suzerainties of Andorra." For seven centuries these mountain folk who are really, Catalans have conducted their own small affairs under the watchful, usually uninterfering and benign eyes of the Spanish Bishop of Seo d'Urgel and the French Prefect of the Eastern Pyrenees. A few thousand Andorrans (to-day 6,000) have escaped nearly all the wars except the Napoleonic cycle, and they have every prospect of escaping this war too. A year ago there was anxiety lest the Germans should take the French share when all France was occupied, but Hitler desisted, no doubt out of deference to Franco.

Meanwhile the Andorrans have been cashing in in their customary role of smugglers. In peacetime it is mainly a matter of silks, alcohol, *articles de Paris* and livestock. In wartime the menu changes, and in this war the smuggling has been of human beings as these have been aided beyond the clutches of Laval and the Gestapo.

International consortiums have angled for a gaming concession, but have been blocked by the Bishop on moral grounds and by the French Prefect, who mustn't allow competition with the Riviera. This ban should endure because the Andorrans have no use at all for modernity and strangers.

This is a criss-crossing travelogue. "We now come, ladies and gentlemen, to the Duchy of Liechtenstein, a tiny state nominally independent, sandwiched between the Swiss canton of St. Gall and the Austrian

Rooksby's "Spanish Waters" (Museum Press, 8s. 6d.) is also naval intelligence, but he operates in the West Indies where Britons and Yanks team together to defeat Nazi U-boat intrigues and shape international friendships for the future. A charming U.S. college girl, Consuelo, provides the love interest, proving that sailors, even on secret service work, *do care*. The author himself served there, so the background of the spy hunt is authentic: "There was a sweet, decaying smell of copra in the air. High above in the blue West Indian sky, the weaving frigate birds caught the sun and glinted for a timeless second."

END

Vorarlberg . . . "

This toy state has saved itself, thanks to a strong Swiss link. Customs, post, currency, transport—all have been Swiss in preference to Austrian, although the reigning dynasty hails from Vienna. If Hitler did not include Liechtenstein in his Austrian haul that must have been so as not to ruffle the Swiss gratuitously. Later Switzerland itself would be absorbed, to say nothing of Liechtenstein. . . .

Judging by the report of a princely wedding this summer, the minikin duchy (10,000 pop.) is coming through in its pre-war, semi-feudal make-up. There were 700 guests. The royal house has masses of dollars by marriage and can court popularity by spending amid a peasant community largely in forestry. Another boon is no taxation. For Liechtenstein has a wonderful racket—I use the word outside its more blameworthy connotation. I was once sent to write about it by the American magazine *Fortune*. And that magazine had the right name, for the fortunes I found being made in Liechtenstein were—everybody's business.

The stunt is (or was, because I believe there have been changes) to register a holding company locally, thus avoiding home taxation. Special local taxation was a pin-prick for the international magnates who availed themselves of Liechtenstein, and the main street was flanked by the offices of their representatives. Just one exigency was devised to bring gain to the locals: all company directors had to rent, or buy, a villa. But the surroundings are altogether charming, forest and Rhine. I recall a bucolic session in the only inn, thanks to a passing circus putting down some French girl gymnasts. That's Vaduz in the distraction line. For it is dominated by high finance, lawyers, chartered accountants, serious folk.

The Liechtensteiners may well intone: "Hail Helvetia!" Their 137-year-old wadding regime will proceed on its tinkling way.

Vatican City is much the youngest, smallest and, of course, most important of the toy states—and it is Sovereign. It must, as I say, be considered apart, for it has diplomatic representation everywhere (none of the others have more than consular), while the Pope through his Secretary of State exerts a wide influence in world affairs.

In attributing luck to these decorative Lilliputians I know I am being precipitate. Monaco is currently in the very front line, San Marino enveloped in the North Italy war zone, while Vatican City is still under Nazi protection. All the same, I'll stake on the toy states coming through safely.

END

On Duty—and Off (Continued from page 33)

Street has the preparation you want one month, but that next month the same thing is only to be found in Knightsbridge or Regent Street. It is simply a question of knowing where to shop. If you cannot get what you need locally, write to me and I will probably be able to give you a London address. Today a very famous hand cream can be bought in Regent Street. Tomorrow it will probably all be gone. But there will

still be hand cream somewhere in London for those who know where to look.

The woman who works eight hours a day has no time to go round looking for cosmetics and it is most annoying for her to realise that the women who are not working are the ones who have the time to shop all day and buy up the few beauty preparations that are available.

END

"VALERIE"



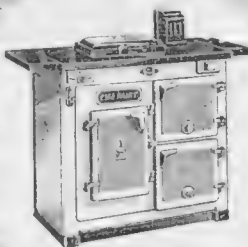
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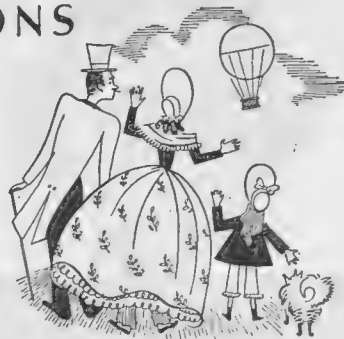
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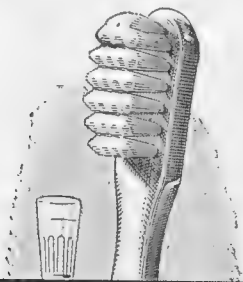
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Stripes (Continued from page 37)

THE RIGHT FRONT

Work as back until there are $7\frac{1}{2}$ ins. straight instead of 15. Now work buttonholes as follows:—

Start at top and work 3 sts., cast off 4, *, work 13, cast off 4; rep. from * until there are 6 sts. Work to end.

Next row.—Cast on 4 sts. for each buttonhole.

Work 10 rows, then work a second row of buttonholes above first.

Work 2 rows. Cast off.

THE YOKE (Back)

Cast on 100 sts. in T. Work stripes for $4\frac{1}{2}$ ins. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows, leaving 30 sts. Cast off.

THE RIGHT FRONT YOKE

Cast on 60 sts. in turquoise. Work the stripes and k. 2 tog. at right edge of work on every other row until there are 40 sts. Work a few rows to make work $4\frac{1}{2}$ ins. along straight edge. Cast off 7 sts. at straight edge on every other row 5 times, leaving 5 sts. Cast off. (These extra 5 sts. are to form hem at sloping edge of neck.)

LEFT FRONT YOKE

As right, with shaping at opposite edge.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 36 sts. in T. Work the st.st. stripes and cast on 7 sts. at beg. of 3rd row and m. 1 st. at end of 3rd row, and do this on every other row until there are 10 groups of 7 sts. cast on and 106 sts. Keep cuff edge straight and continue to m. 1 st. at armhole edge for $2\frac{1}{2}$ ins. Now keep both edges straight for 2 ins. Now dec. to correspond to beg. Cast off.

THE CUFFS (2 alike)

Cast on 48 sts. Work stripes for 6 ins. (these to be folded in half to make a 3-in. cuff).

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side seams, sleeve seams and

shoulder seams of yoke. Sew on cuffs, turning back and hemming edge, and wearing double. Sew yoke down on to bodice by turning edge under $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Hem neck and front edges, making buttonholes come together. Sew round buttonholes. Sew a dart in each armhole at lower part, making it 1 in. at armhole, fading out towards bust level (2 ins. length). Sew in sleeves, easing at shoulders. Hem lower edge, first cutting the ends to 1 in. and tucking into hem.

36-IN. BUST

An oz. more of each colour is needed.

BACK

Cast on and work as 34 size until there are 5 groups of 5 sts. and 62 sts. instead of 10 groups of 5 sts. and 87 sts. Now cast on 43 sts. at right edge instead of 18 and 10 sts. at left, and continue stripes until there are 16 ins. from casting on 43 sts. Now cast off 43 sts. and 10 sts. at same edge as you cast them on, then cast off 5 sts. in place of those cast on and dec. at same edge as you increased for armhole until there are 27 sts. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 115 sts. Work 9 ins. stripes. Now dec. as last half of back 36 size.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Work as back until there are 8 ins. straight instead of 16. Continue as 34 size.

YOKES

Should be worked as 34 size.

SLEEVES

As 34 size, but work 4 ins. with both edges straight instead of 2 ins.

CUFFS

Cast on 62 sts. instead of 48 and work to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

As 34 size, but ease fronts and back on to yoke.

END

Sequins (Continued from page 37)

K. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p. 2, cast off 5 sts. and work to end.

Next row.—Work up to casting off. Turn. Cast on 5 sts., turn, and work to end.

Rep. this buttonhole every 2 ins. and working to correspond to left front. When change to st.st. at yoke occurs, do not work any more buttonholes.

SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 68 sts. Work st.st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 76 sts. Work straight until side seams are $11\frac{1}{2}$ ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

THE CUFFS (2 alike)

Cast on 13 sts. Work k. 3, p. 2 rib for 9 ins. Cast off.

Sew sequins 4 to 1 in. along k. side of ribs. Sew cuffs to sleeves and sew up seam.

END

Vatican City (Continued from page 29)

satisfy. Vatican City has two newspapers, the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis* and the *Osservatore Romano*. The first named is the official news organ of the Pope as head of the Catholic Church. It has a circulation in normal times of about 10,000 copies. As the official bulletin of the Holy See, it publishes bulls, encyclicals, and other official papal announcements. Most of the text is printed in Latin. The *Osservatore Romano* is the city newspaper. It deals with the more important news and decisions of international import, the proceedings of the Papal Court, and is printed in Italian.

The state also possesses one of the most powerful broadcasting stations in the world. The installation was erected under the personal supervision of the late Marchese Guglielmo Marconi. Over this radio the Pope made his first broadcast on February 12, 1931.

The population of the state is just over a thousand, the greater majority of

whom are employed in the papal service.

Vatican City being a complete sovereignty and internationally recognised as such, enjoys full diplomatic privileges. Before the war some thirty-eight countries sent diplomatic representatives to the Holy See. Many of them resided in Rome, and not within the boundaries of the state. Though living on Italian soil, the treaty guaranteed them, even in time of war, the same status as is due to diplomatic representatives according to the provisions of international law.

While His Holiness the Pope is the acknowledged head and ruler of the state, it has, nevertheless, its own governor. His duty is to protect property, maintain public order and hygiene and conduct the ordinary relations with the Italian state. He supervises and exercises immediate control of all public services and regulates all administrative and financial transactions within Vatican City.

END

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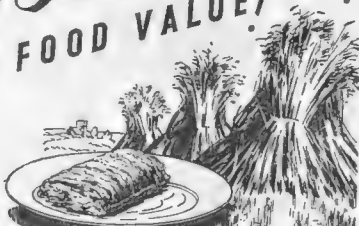
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The Trojan Horse (Continued from page 12)

"This plan is mine alone," Otto reminded him sternly. "The Greeks, you will recall, used a wooden horse. Such a device, obviously, is out of the question under the present circumstances."

"That is true," Rudolph agreed apologetically. "I had forgotten."

THE days went by. When no one spoke the throbbing of the towing ship's propeller was clearly audible. Otto nourished the spirits of his men by talking of the glorious adventure which lay ahead.

"We will perhaps be remembered with even the greatest heroes of our people," he said.

On the afternoon of the tenth day Otto lay drowsing near the bow when suddenly he became aware of an unaccustomed silence. He sat up and looked round, then put his ear to the hull. He could hear nothing.

"Carl! Rudolph! Herman!" he called tensely. "We are there. The time has arrived."

Carl put his ear against the hull.

"You are right, Otto! Our voyage is over. The time for action is at hand."

Otto consulted his watch.

"We will wait six hours," he announced. "In the meantime we must keep especially quiet. It is likely that English officers will come on board."

The U-58 jarred abruptly and was still.

"The dock!" Rudolph said in an undertone.

Heavy feet pounded across the deck and muffled commands could be heard.

"We are being made fast," Carl said.

Otto said: "Waiting will test our determination and our discipline. Every one knows what he is to do. Everything is prepared. Take your places in readiness."

The men moved silently to their posts. From time to time Otto glanced at his watch.

Seven o'clock. Nine o'clock. Eleven. Eleven-thirty. Eleven-forty-five.

At ten seconds before midnight Otto commanded: "Attention!"

Sixty pairs of heels clicked.

"The time has come to strike for the Fatherland," he said. "We will do our duty as sailors of the Fuehrer. Portsmouth, and then England, will be ours. Carl, you will reconnoitre."

Carl saluted, opened the bulkhead door, and crept out into the flooded crew's quarters beyond. Those left behind remained stiffly at attention.

In just over five minutes Carl returned. "No watch has been left aboard us," he reported. "We are the only vessel at this dock. The blackout over the town is complete."

Otto said: "Good! All right, in single file and silently, follow me."

He led the way through the crew's quarters, into the control room, and then up the narrow ladder to the conning tower and the dock.

In the harbour behind, other ships floated gloomily at anchor, silhouetted against the night sky. Ahead the town lay dark and still.

"Form ranks!"

With the precision of long practice the men moved into their places, rifles on shoulders, behind the improvised band. Otto went with his officers to the head of the file.

"Forward!"

The strains of the "Horst Wessellied" blared forth, echoing strangely across the deserted docks. Proudly Otto threw out his chest as they moved forward and the planks trembled beneath their marching feet.

Up the dock they went, across an iron bridge, and along a wide thoroughfare, marching four abreast, upright and unafraid. The band switched to "Deutschland über Alles."

No one shot at them. No one attempted to bar their way.

"They have already fled," Carl shouted above the noise of the band. "Who would have guessed it would be so easy?"

When they arrived at a public square, Otto gave the command to right wheel so that they could march round it and thus make more noise. The band played "Sailing Against England."

Suddenly lights went on. As if at an unspoken word of command the column came to a halt. The heroic strains of the band died feebly away.

From the sidewalks groups of people stared incredulously at them. Some small children emerged from a basement and approached with childish curiosity.

Otto, Carl, Rudolph and Herman stood and looked around in stunned amazement. A deathlike silence hung over the square. Then Herman spoke.

"I knew we should have contacted the raider," he said slowly, as with growing realisation their eyes took in the familiar square, buildings, and trees of their beloved Wilhelmshaven.

END

To-morrow's Europe (Continued from page 25)

own ideas. The police regime of the conquerors lasted many years. We helped—my grandfather was one of the leaders—by a revolution, and a complete purge. The conquerors destroyed the Nazi core. We destroyed our national imperialism and the military tradition, and that, at last, reassured everybody."

"How did you do that?" asked the Martian interestedly.

"Oh, we dissolved the officers' corps, pensioned 150,000 professionals or forced them into other callings. We expropriated 20,000 junker families. We deprived 12,000 industrialists, owners and company heads, of control of big industry. We purged the schools and universities of teachers loyal to the force philosophy and herrenvolk cult. We revised all the textbooks of history, biology, geography, government. We removed about half a million people from key positions, and kept them out. The conquerors helped by giving our more brilliant leader-type men very good jobs around Europe and the world to absorb their energies."

"So it was really very simple?" said the Martian.

"Well," said the President, embarrassed, "at the time, you know—"

At this point we had better drop back from fantasy—the European problem solved for all time, 350,000,000 people of about 30 different

nationalities, living peacefully in a continental area half a million square miles smaller than the United States—to the complex confusions of the present.

BEFORE Hitler put his war engine in motion there were twenty-six independent states in Europe. By the summer of 1943 the map of Europe showed only four left besides Germany. These were Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, Sweden—and none felt safe. The map of Europe, if Hitler won his war, would be drawn in a few large strokes. The great central power house of the Reich is surrounded by satellite provinces, self-administered but all controlled through economic and financial levers in Berlin, and, of course, under the perpetual shadow of the only armed force in Europe, the Wehrmacht. Actually, the European map would run bigger than it is drawn in to-day's atlas, for it would include in the Reich territories all Russia from the Volga to the Urals.

But what will the map look like after the Allies knock out the German blue-printers and start doing some re-mapping of their own? It has changed, and changed again, over the last 2,000 years; but this time a new factor intrudes which was not formerly present. It is air power. The map of Europe is going to be re-drawn less in terms of frontiers than in terms of skies.

Yesterday, one (Continued on page 66)



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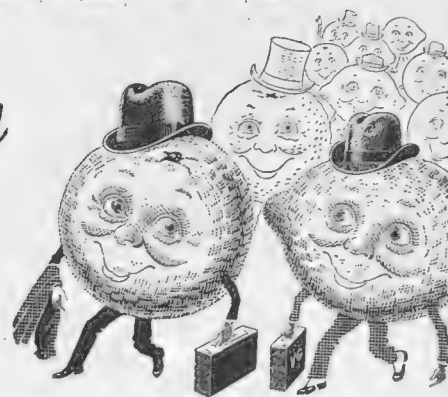
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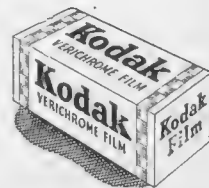


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said: "My frontier must lie along that river, that mountain chain." It meant something before seventy-ton bombers began to fly 3,000 miles with an eight-ton bomb load, with craft twice and thrice the size on the drawing-boards of the aircraft factories. Now one talks, not of frontiers, but of the power, or potential power, of neighbours, and how friendly their governments are going to be, and what tie-ups they are likely to have later with *their* neighbours on the other side.

We may be surprised to find that, with the Russians 850 miles and the Allies 550 miles from Berlin, the Big Three, Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin, had no common blueprint of the post-war Europe, but in September, 1943, had only just arranged for their respective foreign ministers to meet for an exploratory talk. Future historians, realising that technology had fused all the continents and seas into one world, will be less astonished. They may, however, find extraordinary the number of map drafts which existed as the Global War rolled thunderously into its fifth year.

All realistic map-makers must start from two fixed points in a European blank: France and Poland. You cannot sketch in the states of the Danube valley until you have the post-war Poland in position.

And you cannot drop Belgium and Holland into place in the jigsaw puzzle until you have settled both the frontiers of post-war France, and just what the foreign relations of France are going to be with Britain, America and Russia.

That is, if you are drawing a new map of Europe with the notion that, come what may, you are just not going to have a Third World War touched off in the nineteen-fifties or 'sixties in that blood-stained and hate-riddled land patch.

There is one indomitable man who has been mapping a new Europe for twenty years and is still busy. He has had his triumphs. Herriot endorsed his Pan-Europe idea in 1926. Briand made it the basis of his United States of Europe proposal to the Geneva League Assembly in 1929, Germany's Stresemann and Czecho-Slovakia's Benes approving. Everybody seemed to approve, but somehow nobody could, or would, get action on it; and the rise of Hitler torpedoed the whole show.

This man is Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, who has the advantage of most other mappers in that he has no nationalist passions nor tribal love or hates. His father was Austro-Hungarian chargé d'affaires in Tokyo, his mother a Japanese patrician, his paternal grandmother a Greek aristocrat resident in Crete. Born in Tokyo forty-eight years ago he passed his boyhood in Bohemia, was educated in Vienna, became a Czech after the Versailles re-arrangement, made his home and the headquarters of his Pan-Europa Union in an old Habsburg castle in Vienna, and, when Europe exploded, became a citizen of France, subsequently took up permanent residence in Switzerland, and now lives and works in America.

You will often find him working on his map in a little office suite overlooking the public library in Washington. Around him gather the Yugoslav, Sava N. Kosanovich; Fernando de los Rios, former Minister of Justice and Foreign Affairs of the Spanish Republic; the economist Louis Marilo, member of the Institute of France; and André Istel, who was Premier Reynaud's financial adviser; and a bunch of others. They comprise the Central and Eastern European Planning Board, an official agency of the four exiled governments of Czecho-Slovakia, Greece, Poland and Yugoslavia, and although their map-making job is

To-morrow's Europe

officially limited, naturally, with the Count around, they are taking an interest in all Europe, and in all Europe as a part of all the world.

On their map Europe appears as a federation modelled on the Swiss confederation, which itself is modelled on the American constitution of 1789, which in turn was evolved by a body of wise men who studied all concepts of government up to that time. The federation has a common official language—maybe Basic English or Esperanto—and a continental military force on the lines of the French Foreign Legion.

The "cantons" comprising the federation are themselves made up of federations: a Latin group including France and Italy, with Spain and Portugal a sub-group of that western federation; a Scandinavian group including Finland; a German state on its own, policed; a central federation stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and including all the tinderbox states where two world wars have been touched off already. The only blank on the map is in the area marked in our atlases with the names of Lithuania, Estonia and Latvia. Russia has absorbed those states; Germany occupies them now; Poland wants part of them, anyway, to provide her with a Baltic sea frontier; and they, like Garbo, want to be alone.

Count Coudenhove-Kalergi has devised a flag for his union. It is a flaming cross against a golden sun on a blue field. Shall we ever see it flying over a peaceful and secure United States of Europe—which, of course, would have to be approved and guaranteed by Britain and the U.S.S.R.?

You do the guessing.
END

Wings In The Dark (Continued from page 28)

had looked. "I can't, dear," she had said. "I'm engaged to someone in the Air Force. A pilot like you, only he's in Bomber Command. Let's be friends."

Friends. . . . He had got stinking tight for the next three days after leaving hospital. Something had hardened inside him. A good-looking pilot could soon acquire a long telephone list, and it was easy to ring up a new "popsie" every night off duty. They weren't much like Joan but helped to soothe the blow to his vanity.

He passed a cigarette to the thick-looking German opposite and absently gave him a light.

"You are very kind, mein herr. I shall not be sorry when we get out of this train." He mopped his brow with a large handkerchief.

The Englishman contented himself with a grunt. Yes, everything had gone to pieces after Joan shot him down the day he left hospital. He had drunk a good deal too much and spent ridiculous sums at hot spots in the West End on blondes who didn't amount to a row of beans. Credit had been easy for a while, but when cheques began to bounce the station commander had torn him off an awful strip.

"This mustn't happen again," he had warned. "Only your record has saved your bacon this time. Now, go easy old son."

But it *had* happened again, and by an irony through a genuine oversight. He had been certain that there was enough in the bank to cover the cheque. The court-martial had been painful because the men at the table were so obviously sorry to have to do their job. Cashiered.

He had gone to Eire, looking for a place where nobody would know him. But the Germans have long ears. An agent contacted him in a bar in Dublin when he was down to his last pound note and worrying about a job. Sympathy was honey, and the wad of crisp bank notes made him feel a new man. In a month he was in Berlin, drinking "schnapps" at the Adlon.

The train was toiling towards the frontier. He remembered his last trip to Italy, way back in '34, with boating on Lake Como and

a hurried weekend on the Lido at Venice. He was just one of a bunch of tourists then, young clerks on their first foreign trip. Now he was travelling first, and in a few minutes he would step into a dead man's uniform and name and spy on R.A.F. chaps.

He lit a corona and puffed hard on it. The German was snoring peacefully when the Italian "carabinieri" jumped on the train and demanded passports. Chiasso, on the frontier.

"Grazie, signor," said the policeman, giving him a hard look as he handed back the papers. "You will please follow me for questioning. It is a formality, signor." He turned to the German and shook him roughly by the shoulder. The Englishman could not help smiling at this evidence of Axis "solidarity." It was strange to reflect that, but for a rubber cheque, he would probably be bombing the life out of Italy instead of crossing the frontier as an honoured guest, more or less. He was given no time for reflection. The policeman hustled him into a little office behind the main customs reception and in a matter of minutes he was dressed in R.A.F. uniform with a dead man's papers and wallet in his breast pocket. A captain of carabinieri offered him a cigarette.

"The train will be here soon, one hopes," he said, with a rueful smile. "The English do not assist our time-tables, signor."

The train was nearly an hour late and the Englishman passed the time trying to work out some kind of a story for the men at the camp who would certainly ask questions. Well, he would tell them about flying a Lancaster to Berlin, and having to bale out over Holland. He only hoped that nobody in the dead man's machine was at Debroni. It was also a pity that he knew so little about bombers; he would have to watch his step.

He was marched off to the train, and one or two women shook their fists at him and shouted insults, but most of the passengers were too sleepy to do anything but point indifferently. An Italian captain slumped down in the seat opposite, and a corporal stood guard outside in the corridor.

The minutes dragged into hours and there was no break in the rolling monotony of the

journey. He took out the wallet and thumbed through the dead man's papers. It was funny taking another name. He kept repeating it to himself. . . .

WING COMMANDER JARVIS, known to every one in the camp as "Pop," looked ten years older than he was. He was one of those men who seem just made for a bald head, a bit of a paunch, a pipe in his mouth and a slow, genial manner. He had collected the D.F.C. and bar and the D.S.O. before getting knocked down over Lorient.

All the others in the camp were the same, just flying fools. The fighter boys had all been through the Battle of Britain.

They talked for hours about old dog-fights, forced landings and the oddities of different types of machines. There was Fraser, a Canadian with fuzzy hair and ears that stuck out. He had got his in a daylight sweep over France. Tony Blake was a polite but defensive Old Etonian who was now killing time reading for the bar. Shields dropped his aitches cheerfully and never stopped wise-cracking.

The bomber men were a more serious and deliberate type, on the whole. "Rusty" Andrews had been a medical student but was determined to stay in the R.A.F. after the war. He was a cool, hard-headed Scot with steady grey eyes. His great buddy was Shepherd, a lanky dark-haired man from Coventry.

Then there was Drummond, who read a good deal and hadn't much to say; Ross, who had been a sports writer and talked for hours about fights he had reported; Denham, Carter, Boucher, Thomas . . .

Pop Jarvis pressed the tobacco down into the bowl of his pipe and studied the group quietly.

They looked contented enough, but there was a strained air about them and you could see how often eyes strayed to the barred window through which the evening light was streaming yellowly.

Pop lit his pipe and blew out a cloud of thick smoke.

"I don't think they'll keep us here long," he said slowly. "The (Continued on page 68)



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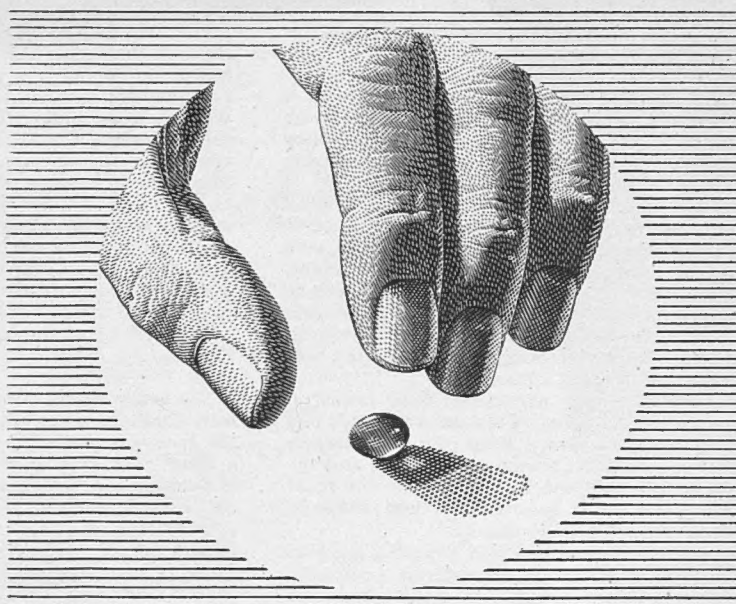
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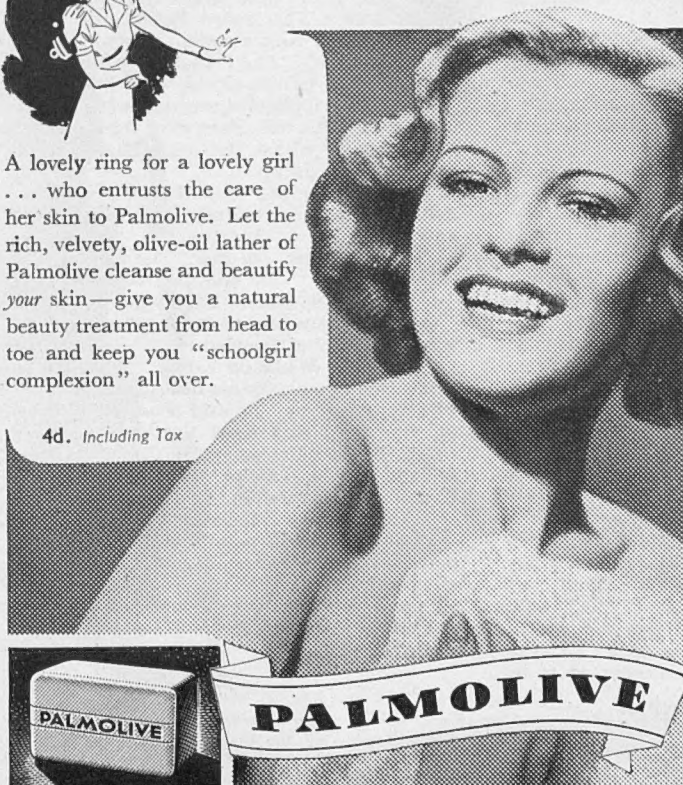
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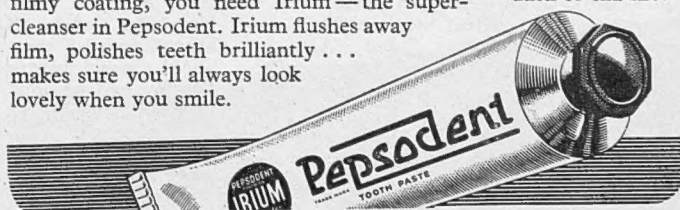
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TAKE OLD TUBES
BACK TO THE SHOP



Eyeties won't take this kind of bashing indefinitely."

"That's just what I was telling Luigi this morning," chuckled Shields.

"I'll be sorry to leave this place in a way," said Drummond. In some ways it was a decent sort of camp. After all, you were near the sea and, once in a while, they had been detailed to help the fishermen pack their crates for market.

Pop picked up a frayed magazine but did not read it. A German oflag would not be so pleasant, especially now that the Huns were being creamed by the R.A.F. every night. Once they were stuck in Germany it would be impossible to get away. Here, in Debroni, with the camp guards at far from full strength and the sea so temptingly close, was the best chance of making a break.

Of course, they had talked their heads off on the subject. Only a few days ago they had planned a get-away from the fish-market. But the luck had been against them, and the camp commandant had brusquely informed them the night before that they were no longer required down there.

Yet, was it bad luck? Pop puffed hard on his pipe and tried to slam down a thought that had been worrying him, a silly, irritating thought that kept nibbling at him. He looked around at the others. No, damn it, there was no possibility of the plan having leaked out. Of course, Shields might have accidentally dropped a hint while he was pulling Luigi's leg, or there might be a "mike" concealed somewhere, although they had "dry-bathed" the place pretty thoroughly for wires. No, it was just a coincidence that they had been stopped from going into the village. All the same Pop could not help feeling a strange uneasiness.

Next morning Luigi came in as usual with bowls of thin vegetable soup and hunks of greenish grey bread.

Luigi had a handlebar moustache which bristled in moments of agitation. He fingered it deliberately and drew a heavy breath.

"The colonel wishes to speak with Signor Jarveez," he proclaimed.

The wing commander finished his soup so as not to give the camp commandant the satisfaction of hustling him.

"Damned nerve, interrupting a man during breakfast," remarked Blake.

Shields had lost his grin. "I hope this ice-cream merchant hasn't caused a shindy," he said anxiously. "Maybe I overshot the target."

Pop Jarvis shook his head. "No, I imagine they're on our tail. It looks like Germany for us, I'm very much afraid." He followed Luigi out of the room, leaving worried looks behind him.

Colonel Alberto Vecchi was sipping his coffee when Pop entered the office.

"I wished to see you," he said briskly, "because there has been a change of plan. We are short of labour and perhaps you and your friends would assist with the harvest." He shrugged his shoulders. "You can refuse, of course."

Refuse to get out into the sun! Pop Jarvis never felt so near to kissing a wop! A job of harvesting after he had had gloomy visions of some awful oflag with Prussians barking orders.

"We shall do our best to help, colonel," he said simply.

"Bene. But, understand, there are to be no tricks. You will be closely guarded, and the first sign of disturbance will be severely punished."

AFTER three days in the fields Pop had already matured a new plan of escape. It didn't look too difficult. Despite the colonel's threat there seemed to be only four armed guards—oldish men at that—in charge of the party of a dozen. And a desperate Englishman with a pitchfork could do plenty of damage, thought the wing commander.

"My idea, briefly, is this," he told the others while they were eating their supper. "That big guard always looks a bit drowsy towards the end of the afternoon. One of us will creep behind him and sock him quietly. I'll signal the moment to rush the other three. With luck we ought to put 'em to sleep and get the lorry. I'm a bit vague on the details after that, but we might make a dash for the coast, pinch a couple of boats and slip across to Dalmatia. I know that coast fairly well—used to spend my holidays there. It's good country for hiding out and we might link up with the patriot forces over there." He grinned apologetically. "I know it's a gamble, but I think it's worth the odds."

The chorus of approval showed that the idea had its points. It was agreed to make a break two days later.

The following morning, shortly after breakfast, Denham complained with a groan that the grub was poisoning him. He put up such a show that Pop suggested that he see the M.O. at once. A few minutes later, still clutching his middle, he departed with Luigi.

But Denham did not stay long with the Italian doctor. He whispered a few words in the M.O.'s ear and was quickly escorted to the colonel's office.

"So," growled the commandant, when he had heard the details of the plan. His neck showed an angry red. "I shall deal with them." He crashed his plump white fist on the desk. "They shall not make a fool of Alberto Vittorio Alessandro Vecchi. I shall have a machine gun hidden." He began to laugh until the Englishman thought he would burst a blood vessel.

"Is it necessary to kill them?" he asked feeling faintly sick.

"We shall kill one or two and the others will surrender," said the colonel with a shrug. "We shall teach them a lesson." He leaned forward with a friendly smile. "You have served us well, signor, and my report will pay you full honour."

Denham licked his dry lips. "It is not easy for me," he said nervously.

The colonel opened a drawer and took out an automatic. "I understand, my friend," he said smoothly. "Keep this with you in case of any trouble. I shall give instructions that you are not to be hit."

Denham made his way back slowly. He could not keep his mind off that hidden machine gun spraying lead over the cornfield. And he felt little better when the others crowded round sympathetically.

"You are looking a bit peaked, old boy," said Pop. "What did the quack have to say?"

"Oh, it's just a touch of the sun. Told me to lie down and take it easy." Yes, that was a good idea, he thought quickly. He could play possum and not join the others to-morrow; at least he wouldn't have to watch them being picked off like flies. No, that would be fatal. If any of them got back alive he would be on the spot at once. That deadly machine gun and his sudden illness would tie up too readily.

Luigi brought the monthly mail in just as they were getting ready to go out to the fields. They crowded round him like schoolboys in a tuck shop. There was one for Denham, but he felt no thrill in slitting the envelope. It was a letter fabricated for him by the Italians so as not to attract suspicion.

"What's the matter, Pop?" asked Ross. "Seen a ghost?"

The wing commander sat down heavily. His lips were working strangely and, of a sudden, he seemed to be an old man. He shook himself.

"Just a spot of bad luck," he said in a shaky voice. "My wife was killed at a hospital on the coast. Sneak raiders." He tried to light his pipe but his hand was trembling and he gave it up. "We'd only been married a year when I was shot down. She'd always wanted to be a nurse. Thank God we had no children." He seemed to be talking to himself.

Wings In The Dark

"Rotten luck, old boy," said Blake.

Pop passed him a photograph from the envelope. "Her mother sent it. Last photograph." He paced up and down. "By God, I'd give anything for a chance to be up there shooting it out with the swine who wiped out that hospital." He looked round savagely. "And I pity the Eyetie that tries to stop me to-morrow."

Blake was handing round the photograph. Denham looked at it and a film passed across his eyes. No, it couldn't be. Joan, in V.A.D. uniform, with that old smile and the funny little curl over her right ear. Joan, Pop's wife. Yes, she had told him that night that she was engaged to a bloke in Bomber Command. Pop Jarvis. He felt his heart beating madly. And in a few hours a Wop machine gunner would be getting some easy target practice.

"She was only twenty-four," Pop was saying. Looking at him Denham felt a wild urge to tell them everything. They would hate him, but that didn't matter if they gave up this mad plan. Yet, looking around at the group, he knew he would never have the courage to come clean. Besides, the colonel would never believe that he hadn't double-crossed him. A word to Berlin and he would finish up in some foul concentration camp.

Pop's letter had changed the atmosphere somehow. What had been treated as a bit of a lark now had a more menacing quality. Every pilot in that room, even Denham, had got the old itch for the controls.

"Are you sure you're fit enough, old man?" Pop asked.

Denham was dressing slowly, and the automatic made a comforting bulge in his pocket.

"Wouldn't miss it for a million," he said, trying hard to smile.

The wing commander gave them a final briefing, and Denham felt as if he were suffocating. The men looked so confident.

The lorry that took them out to the fields lurched through the gates just before one o'clock and they were quickly marched out. Each of them had managed to hide bars of chocolate and cigarettes in their belts or stockings. They jumped into the back of the lorry and one of the guards followed them in, carrying a rifle. Another man, with a rifle on his knees, sat beside the driver.

They were jolting along a dusty country road when Denham suddenly whipped out his automatic and fired point blank at the guard in the lorry. The man jerked back with a surprised look. The guard beside the driver wheeled round with a curse. Denham fired at him but missed. The Italian shot him before Drummond's hands closed over his throat. Pop Jarvis gripped the steering wheel as one of the others hit the driver over the head with the rifle-butt which the dead Italian inside the lorry had dropped.

Blake was trying to make Denham comfortable, but the wounded man shook his head.

"Don't bother, old man," he said faintly. "I've had it." He slumped back wearily. "I want to speak to Pop," he whispered. "Quick." Someone took the wheel and the wing commander crawled in.

"Listen! What on earth...?" he began. Denham shook his head again.

"No questions," he said hoarsely. "Turn off this road and head south-east for the coast. Make a detour round Chieti. There's a little fishing village. You might get a boat." He was gulping for breath.

"Anything we can do for you?"

Denham smiled painfully. "Yes." He pointed to his breast pocket. "I've got money in there. When you get back to England put a wreath on your wife's grave." His hand closed over Pop's. "And get a Hun for me, will you?"

END

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